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THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD: A TALE.

Supposed to be written by HIMSELF.

Sperate miseri, cavete felices.

VOL. I.

SALISBURY:
Printed by B. COLLINS;
For F. NEWBERY, in Pater-Noster-Row, London.
MDCCLXVI.

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PREFACE.

THE Vicar of Wakefield *was first published in March,* 1766, *by Francis Newbery, of Paternoster Row, nephew to John Newbery, "the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's churchyard." There are several contemporary accounts of the circumstances connected with its entry into the world, each differing from the rest, though rather in details than in essentials. The earliest of these in point of date is to be found in the volume published by Mrs. Piozzi in* 1786, *under the title of* Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D., during the last Twenty Years of his Life [i.e. *from* 1764 *to* 1784.] *For the greater part of this period Mrs. Piozzi was the wife of Johnson's friend Thrale. At pp.* 119-20 *she says:—*

"*I have forgotten the year, but it could scarcely I think be later than* 1765 *or* 1766, *that he* [*Johnson*] *was called abruptly from our house after dinner, and returning in about three hours, said, he had been with an enraged author, whose landlady pressed him for payment within doors, while the bailiffs beset him without; that he was drinking himself drunk with Madeira to drown care, and fretting over a novel which when finished was to be his whole fortune; but he could not get it done for distraction, nor could he step out of doors to offer it to sale. Mr. Johnson therefore set away the bottle, and went to the bookseller, recommending the performance,*

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and desiring some immediate relief; which when he brought back to the writer, he called the woman of the house directly to partake of punch, and pass their time in merriment.

"*It was not till ten years after, I dare say, that something in Dr. Goldsmith's behaviour struck me with an idea that he was the very man, and then Johnson confessed that he was so; the novel was the charming Vicar of Wakefield.*"

The next version of the story is given by Sir John Hawkins (Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., *2nd Edn.*, 1787, *pp.* 420 *and* 421):—

"*Of the booksellers whom he styled his friends, Mr. Newbery was one. This person had apartments in Canonbury-house, where Goldsmith often lay concealed from his creditors. Under a pressing necessity he there wrote his Vicar of Wakefield, and for it received of Newbery forty pounds.*"* *A few lines further on he says:* "*In the latter* [i.e. *poverty*] *he was at one time so involved, that for the clamours of a woman, to whom he was indebted for lodging, and for bailiffs that waited to arrest him, he was equally unable, till he had made himself drunk, to stay within doors, or go abroad to hawk among the booksellers a piece of his writing, the title whereof my author* [*my authority?*] *does not remember. In this distress he sent for Johnson, who immediately went to one of them, and brought back money for his relief.*"

After Hawkins comes Boswell. Boswell personally disliked both his predecessors, who he says (*vol. i., p.* 225,

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* *This paragraph is not in the 1st Edn. of the same year.*

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ed. 1791) *have "ſtrangely miſ-ſtated" the facts; and he proceeds to give them "authentically" from what he affirms to be Johnſon's "own exact narration":—*

"I received one morning a meſſage from poor Goldſmith that he was in great diſtreſs, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as ſoon as poſſible. I ſent him a guinea, and promiſed to come to him directly. I accordingly went as ſoon as I was dreſt, and found that his landlady had arreſted him for his rent, at which he was in a violent paſſion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glaſs before him. I put the cork into the bottle, deſired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the preſs, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and ſaw its merit; told the landlady I ſhould ſoon return; and having gone to a bookſeller, ſold it for ſixty pounds. I brought Goldſmith the money, and he diſcharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having uſed him ſo ill."

Laſt, but—to reverſe the current phraſe—certainly leaſt in importance, is the narrative of Goldſmith's old rival for dramatic honours, Richard Cumberland, whoſe Memoirs, *written by himſelf, were firſt publiſhed in* 1806. *"I have," he ſays, at pp.* 372-3, *vol. i., of the* 8*vo. edn. of* 1807, *"heard Dr. Johnſon relate with infinite humour the circumſtance of his reſcuing him* [*Goldſmith*] *from a ridiculous dilemma by the purchaſe money of his Vicar of Wakefield, which he ſold on his behalf to Dodſley, and, as I think, for the ſum of ten pounds only. He had run up a debt with his landlady for board and lodging of ſome few*

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pounds, and was at his wits'-end how to wipe off the ſcore and keep a roof over his head, except by cloſing with a very ſtaggering propoſal on her part, and taking his creditor to wife, whoſe charms were very far from alluring, while her demands were extremely urgent. In this criſis of his fate he was found by Johnſon in the act of meditating on the melancholy alternative before him. He ſhowed Johnſon his manuſcript of The Vicar of Wakefield, but ſeemed to be without any plan, or even hope, of raiſing money upon the diſpoſal of it; when Johnſon caſt his eye upon it, he diſcovered ſomething that gave him hope, and immediately took it to Dodſley, who paid down the price above-mentioned in ready money, and added an eventual condition upon its future ſale. Johnſon deſcribed the precautions he took in concealing the amount of the ſum he had in hand, which he prudently adminiſtered to him by a guinea at a time. In the event he paid off the landlady's ſcore, and redeemed the perſon of his friend from her embraces."

In all theſe varying accounts—the diſcrepancies of which ſcarcely deſerve minute attention—it will be remarked that no reference is made to Goldſmith himſelf as the ſource of information, while all the writers, Hawkins excepted, profeſs to have obtained their data direct from Johnſon, the only other actor in the drama. It is alſo manifeſt that each narrator reproduces, in more or leſs accurate form, one and the ſame incident. Goldſmith's neceſſity, Johnſon's intervention, the conſequent ſale of a book in manuſcript,—theſe features are common to them all. The difference conſiſts in the details which each adds, alters or omits; and it becomes a queſtion which, on the whole, is moſt worthy of credit. In this reſpect Boſwell has greatly the

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advantage over his competitors. His method of reporting, though by no means perfect, was unusually painstaking and exact. His chronicle is, in addition, that of a man to whom chronicling was a self-imposed function; and who was not recording his random recollections, or reviving the faded impressions of half-forgotten things. Cumberland's semi-apocryphal Memoirs *were composed when he was a septuagenarian, and a septuagenarian, moreover, who had apparently neglected to read Boswell's* Life; *Mrs. Piozzi's* Anecdotes *were jotted down in Italy, far from Johnson's contemporaries, and long after the events to which they relate; while the jumbled paragraphs of Sir John Hawkins plainly bear upon them the marks either of imperfect information or imperfect apprehension. Boswell's story alone wears an air of veracity, and it has generally been regarded as the accepted version.*

Boswell, however, makes one notable omission—he gives no date for the incident he describes. Mrs. Piozzi, or, as it will be most convenient to call her, Mrs. Thrale, thinks that it could not have been later than 1765 *or* 1766. *It was, demonstrably, earlier than this. "The bookseller," Johnson told Boswell, "had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it till after the Traveller had appeared." "It was written and sold to a bookseller before his Traveller, but published after," he says again, in terms that could scarcely be more explicit. The* Traveller—*Goldsmith's first long poem—appeared on the* 19*th December,* 1764. *Thus we get a definite date before which the sale must have taken place; and Goldsmith's biographers, while refraining from anything like authoritative statement, seem to have practically de-*

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cided that it cannot have been much before—in fact that, as one of them says, it was "late in 1764." *And, indeed, this would seem to follow naturally from any attempt to reconcile the evidence of the two witnesses best acquainted with the facts, Boswell and Mrs. Thrale. Johnson, whose presence is essential to the story, was away with Percy in Northamptonshire during part of June, July, and August, and had not returned to London on the* 19*th of the last-mentioned month, when he wrote a letter to Reynolds, which Boswell prints. After he got back, he made the acquaintance, for the first time, of Thrale and his wife. If, setting aside minor inconsistencies, it be assumed that Mrs. Thrale can scarcely have been mistaken in dating the occurrence after her first acquaintance with the great man, we are driven to the conclusion that Goldsmith's arrest by his landlady must have taken place at some time between August the* 19*th and December the* 19*th,* 1764. *This would favour the conjecture now from habit almost regarded as an established fact, that the landlady was Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming, and that the lodging was the room at Islington which, as the accounts printed by Prior and Forster incontestably prove, Goldsmith occupied during April, May, and June in* 1764, *and perhaps later. Up to June, John Newbery the bookseller, for whom the author of the* Vicar *was chiefly working, had, by arrangement, paid his bills for board and lodging; and it has not unreasonably been concluded that Goldsmith's misadventure arose from the temporary withdrawal of John Newbery's aid.*

Unfortunately the minutest pin-prick from a fact or date is generally fatal to the most artfully inflated surmises. From an ancient account-book, which is at present

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in the keeping of Mr. Charles Welſh, but formerly belonged to one B. Collins, Printer, of Saliſbury, it ſeems that, as far back as the 28th of October, 1762, the ſaid B. Collins had purchaſed of "Dr. Goldſmith, the Author," for £21, a third ſhare in the* Vicar of Wakefield. *The problem, therefore, becomes one, not of reconciling Boſwell's ſtory with that of Mrs. Thrale, who muſt be left henceforth in undiſturbed enjoyment of her reputation for what Johnſon himſelf ſtigmatiſed as her "laxity of narration," but of bringing Boſwell's ſtory into agreement with the freſh information contributed to the queſtion by this hitherto unrevealed tranſaction of B. Collins of Saliſbury. It muſt be confeſſed that the ſolution is not an eaſy one. Still, the record in Collins's account-book is ſupported by ſeveral collateral circumſtances. The reference in chapter ix. of the* Vicar *to the famous "muſical glaſſes" which were in full vogue* circa 1761-62, *and that in chapter xix. to Arthur Murphy's paper, the* Auditor; *which only began its career on the 10th June, 1762, ſeem to point unmiſtakably to the middle of that year as the date at or about which the book was being written. Then, again, when it was ultimately printed, Collins himſelf was the printer; and he was undoubtedly at ſome time poſſeſſed of a third ſhare in it, becauſe, as will preſently*

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* *Mr. Welſh is a member of the firm of Griffith, Farran, Okeden and Welſh, of St. Paul's Churchyard, the lateſt ſucceſſors to John Newbery. He is at preſent engaged upon a long-expected life of the old bookſeller and publiſher, in which it is hoped ſome of theſe knotty queſtions may receive their definite diſentanglement.*

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be shewn, he afterwards sold a third share. Lastly, the price which he paid for his third share in 1762, *putting guineas for pounds, corresponds with a third of the price which, according to Boswell's account, Johnson obtained for the manuscript. In order to harmonise the facts, we must therefore assume that the unnamed bookseller of Johnson, at his pressing solicitation, advanced the whole of the price agreed upon, leaving the question of the partners in his venture for subsequent settlement. Or it may be, that when Johnson said "I brought Goldsmith the money," he did not mean the whole sum, but an instalment. In this way the statement of Collins that he purchased his third share from the author would be explained; and the apparent absence of any receipt on Goldsmith's part for the* £60 *satisfactorily accounted for.*

But who was Johnson's unnamed bookseller? Hawkins says Newbery; Cumberland, Dodsley. The circumstances seem to point to John Newbery. He had already employed, and continued to employ Goldsmith; and it may be that the arrangement by which he afterwards paid for Goldsmith's board and lodging at Mrs. Fleming's in Islington was the outcome of this experience of the author's manners and customs. On the other hand, his*

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* *Mrs. Fleming, it may be observed, in the above circumstances, is wholly cleared from her traditional reputation as an arbitrary landlady, since Goldsmith's first residence in her house appears to have been subsequent to the* 28*th October,* 1762. *(Cf. Forster's* Life, *Bk. iii., chap. vii.)*

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nephew, Francis Newbery, who eventually publiſhed the book, may have been the man, although there is a doubt whether Francis Newbery was actively in buſineſs at this date. But whether one or the other is not of great moment, ſince by the time of publication the buſineſs relations of the uncle and nephew were of the moſt intimate and intricate kind. They ſold and advertiſed each other's books,—nay, in one caſe, at leaſt, John Newbery ſeems to have paid for the manuſcript of a book which his nephew iſſued. It would therefore appear that, although their places of buſineſs were different, their intereſts were virtually identical, a ſuppoſition which is confirmed by the fact that another Francis Newbery, John Newbery's ſon, in a manuſcript autobiography, ſoon, we truſt, to be given to the public, ſpeaks of the Vicar *as if it had been publiſhed by his father, apparently regarding the two houſes as one firm.*

The caſe, then, ſtands thus. The manuſcript of the Vicar of Wakefield *in* 1762 *belonged to three perſons. They had, however, ſo little hope of its ſucceſs that they conſented to throw it aſide for what has hitherto been ſuppoſed to be ſome fifteen months, but muſt now be extended to more than three years, for it was not publiſhed until March* 27, 1766. *After paſſing languidly through Collins's preſs at Saliſbury, it made its modeſt* début *in two volumes,* 12*mo.*, "*price ſix ſhillings bound, or five ſhillings ſewed.*"* *A ſecond edition followed on May* 31, *and a third on Auguſt* 29. *Both of theſe, like the*

* *The following is a copy of the original advertiſement from the* Public Advertiſer *of March* 27, 1766 *:—*

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editio princeps, *were "printed for F. Newbery;" but in December*, 1767, *John Newbery died at Canonbury Houſe, and owing to arrangements ariſing out of his deceaſe, the book ſeems to have paſſed to his ſon, Francis Newbery, jun., and T. Carnan, his ſon's partner, whoſe joint names figure on the title-page of the 4th edition of* 1770. *By this time the ſale, which muſt have been rapid in* 1766, *had gradually grown ſlow.* "*The fourth edition,*" *writes Mr. Welſh, to whom we are indebted for ſome further extracts from the Collins papers,* "*ſtarted with a loſs.*" "*It conſiſted of one thouſand copies, which coſt* £58 5*s.* 2½*d. The ſale realiſed* £157 13*s.* 6*d. The profit of* £99 *was divided equally between Mr. Strahan* [*here we get the name of a poſſeſſor, and perhaps an original poſſeſſor, of a third ſhare*], *Mr. Collins, and Carnan and Newbery. Collins had ſo little faith in the book continuing to ſell, that he ſold his third ſhare to Carnan for* £5 5*s.*" *This unhopeful view on Collins's*

This Day is publiſhed,

In two Volumes in Twelves, Price 6s. bound, or 5s. ſewed,

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD,

A Tale.

Suppoſed to be written by Himſelf.

'Seperate (*ſic*) miſeri cavete fœlices.'

Printed for F. Newbery, at the Crown in Paternoſter Row,

Of whom may be had, Price 1s. 6d. The Traveller, or, a Proſpect of Society," a Poem. By Dr. Goldsmith.

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part is borne out by the circumstances attending the production of the fifth edition, which is generally supposed to have been issued in 1773, *the date upon the title-page. As a matter of fact, its issue was deferred until April,* 1774, *the month in which Goldsmith died; and notwithstanding the statements of Forster and others, the sixth edition was not published until March,* 1779. *Assuming that the fifth, like the fourth edition, was limited to one thousand copies, it took nearly nine years to sell two thousand copies. The demand for the book in its early days, or, at all events, for the authorised edition, cannot therefore have been quite so urgent as has been usually supposed. Its subsequent progress, which it is impossible to pursue in detail here, will be found in the* Bibliography *which accompanies this Preface.*

Among the other questions which speculation has not neglected with regard to Goldsmith's novel, is the part of the country in which the story is laid, and the place which gives it its title. Why "Wakefield"? Joseph Cradock, in the confused and rambling Memoirs *which he put forth in* 1828, *explains this* (*vol. iv., p.* 286) *by a statement which he professes to make upon Goldsmith's own authority. He says that Wakefield was fixed on as the field of action because the* Vicar *was written to defray the expenses of a visit to this very town. If, which is in the highest degree improbable, there be any real ground for this story, it would be entirely destructive of Boswell's account after Johnson. But, on the other hand, it is not impossible that the names and localities may have been suggested by an actual tour in Yorkshire. This idea has been worked out with great ingenuity by Mr. Edward Ford in an article contributed by him in May,* 1883, *to*

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the National Review. *Starting from Wakefield, he identifies the "small cure" seventy miles off, to which Dr. Primrose moves in chap. iii., vol. i., with Kirkby Moorside in the North Riding. This point established, Welbridge Fair, where Moses sells the colt (chap. xii., and chap vi., vol. ii.) easily becomes Welburn; Thornhill Castle, a few miles further, stands for Helmsley; "the wells" (chap. xviii.) for Harrogate; and "the races" (ibid.) for Doncaster. The "rapid stream," in chap. iii., where Sophia was nearly drowned, he conjectures to have been near the confluence of the Swale and Ouse at Boroughbridge, "within thirty miles" (p. 21) of Kirkby Moorside, and the county gaol in chap. v., vol. ii., he places "eleven miles off" (p. 86) at Pickering. But for the further details of this seductive, if not conclusive enquiry, as well as the conjectural identification of Sir William Thornhill with the equally eccentric Sir George Savile, and of the travelling limner of chap. xvi., vol. i., with Romney the artist, the reader is referred to the article itself.**

It is the happy privilege of editors of first editions that they do not require to concern themselves greatly with variæ lectiones. *Not that, in the present case, these are either*

** Mr. Ford has recently pointed out to the present writer that in the* History of Miss Stanton, *published in the* British Magazine *for July,* 1760, *and attributed to Goldsmith, there is a minor confirmation of his theory. The old clergyman of the* History, *which was regarded by Sir James Prior and others as containing the germ of the* Vicar of Wakefield, *lived "within ten miles of H., a town in the north of England." "H," argues Mr. Ford, is obviously Helmsley.*

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numerous or important. After his manuſcript was finally diſpoſed of, Goldſmith ſeems to have troubled himſelf but little about the book, alleging as his reaſon a practical if not a ſufficient one. "He gave me," he ſaid, ſpeaking of his publiſher to Dr. Farr, who is quoted in the Percy Memoir of 1801, "£60 *for the copy,* and had I made it ever ſo perfect or correct, I ſhould not have had a ſhilling more." Still, though no material additions appear to have been made (and there are certainly one or two places where explanation ſeems needed),† a few minor modifications found their way into ſubſequent iſſues. If the reader will turn to p.* 104 *of the preſent volume, he will ſee that Mr. Burchell's effective and time-honoured comment upon the polite loquacity of Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs and my Lady Blarney is not repeated at the end of each paragraph as in the current verſions. This obvious improvement firſt appears in the ſecond edition. At p.* 45, *again, the phraſe, "for he always aſcribed to his wit that laughter which was laviſhed at his ſimplicity," applied to Moſes, is afterwards omitted—probably becauſe it was too nearly applicable to Goldſmith himſelf. There are ſome other alterations, which are ſcarcely weighty enough to detain us here. Tradition*

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* *Dr. Farr, in repeating Goldſmith's words, qualifies the amount :—"He gave me* (I think he said) £60 *for the copy, etc."*

† *Mr. Ford inſtances,* inter alia, *the references to "my laſt pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard meaſure that was dealt me" (vol. i., p.* 134). *Upon this the antecedent text throws no light whatever.*

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has, however, preserved two passages struck out from the original MS. before publication, which deserve a final word. For these Johnson is the authority. One was, "*I do not love a man who is zealous for nothing*"—*a sentiment which Boswell rightly described as fine; and,* "*When I was a young man, being anxious to distinguish myself, I was perpetually starting new propositions. But I soon gave this over, for I found that generally what was new was false.*" *Of the former there is no trace; but a memory of the latter seems to linger in the words of George Primrose, at pp.* 5, 6, *vol. ii.,* "*I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore dreſt up three paradoxes with some ingenuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new.*" *Perhaps this is what Johnson recollected, but overlooked when he read the* Vicar *in type.*

Since the above was written, there has come to light a Goldsmith document which would seem, in obscure fashion, to indicate further pecuniary transactions in connection with the publication of the Vicar. *Among the valuable autographs collected by the late Lord Houghton is the following, the reproduction of which here is kindly permitted by the present Lord:—*

"I promise to pay Mr. Newbery five guineas for value received.

"April 29th 1766.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

Under this, in a different but apparently contemporary hand and ink, are the words "Vicar of Wakefield"; *under this again, in what look like Goldsmith's own faint pencil-marks:*—"This money, when ye Book is sub-

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ſcribed, is to be received of ye Publiſher." *Intereſting as this relic is, it is rendered more ſo by ſome words which are written at the back:*—"Seen by me this day. WALTER SCOTT. 19 May 1825."

AUSTIN DOBSON.

PORTH-Y-FELIN,
EALING, W.

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The Bibliography of the Vicar of Wakefield.

THE following Bibliography, which—like that prefixed to the facſimile reprint of Raſſelas—*claims to be the firſt of its kind, is tentative rather than exhauſtive. Copious as it ſeems, there are doubtleſs editions of Goldſmith's maſter-piece which have no place in it; while moſt of thoſe publiſhed in Engliſh on the Continent for educational purpoſes have been deſignedly omitted. So alſo have thoſe iſſues which form part of the author's ſelected or complete works. On the other hand, nearly all the copies here included have been examined* de viſu. *As to the remainder, the particulars of which are borrowed from Quérard, Brinkman, Brunet, Kayſer, Lorenz, Leypoldt, Lowndes, and other ſimilar authorities, the Compiler muſt content himſelf with the* caveat *of old Sir John Mandeville:—"They ſeyn, but I have not ſene it." He deſires however to expreſs his obligations for valuable indications to Mr. Edward Solly, F.R.S., Mr. E. Ford of Enfield, and Mr. H. R. Tedder, the librarian of the Athenæum Club, without whoſe aid the ſhortcomings of the liſt muſt have been far more numerous.* *A. D.*

1766

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. *Sperate miseri, cavete fœlices.* Vol. I. Salisbury: Printed by B. Collins; for F. Newbery, in Pater-Noster-Row, London, MDCCLXVI. 12mo., Title and Advertisement, 2 leaves, pp. 214. The Advertisement is signed "Oliver Goldsmith."

——— Vol. II. . . . . Title, pp. 223. Both volumes begin and terminate with blank leaves. Published March 27. B. M.

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The Vicar of Wakefield : A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. *Sperate miseri, cavete fœlices.* The Second Edition. Vol. I. London : Printed for F. Newbery, in Pater-Noster-Row, MDCCLXVI. 12mo., Title, Advertisement, and Contents 2 leaves, pp. 214.

——— Vol. II. . . . . Title, Contents 2 leaves, pp. 223. Published May 31. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield : A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. *Sperate miseri, cavete fœlices.* The Third Edition. Vol. I. London : Printed for F. Newbery, in Pater-Noster-Row, MDCCLXVI. 12mo., Title, Advertisement, and Contents, 2 leaves, pp. 214.

——— Vol. II. . . . . Preliminaries 4 leaves, pp. 223. Published August 29. B. M.

1767

The Vicar of Wakefield : A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. *Sperate miseri, cavete fœlices.* Vol. I. Dublin : Printed for W. and W. Smith, and others. MDCCLXVII. 12mo, pp. 182, a second title forms pp. 93, 94 : pagination continuous. B. M.

1770

The Vicar of Wakefield : A Tale. *Sperate miseri, cavete felices.* The Fourth Edition. Vol. I. London : Printed for T. Carnan and F. Newbery, jun., at No. 65, in St. Paul's Church-Yard. MDCCLXX. 12mo. Title and Advertisement, 2 leaves ; pp. 214.

——— Vol. II. Title and Contents, 3 leaves ; pp. 223.

1774

The Vicar of Wakefield : A Tale. *Sperate miseri, cavete felices.* The Fifth Edition. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. London : Printed for T. Carnan and F. Newbery, jun., at Number 65, in St. Paul's Church-Yard. MDCCLXXIII. [1774.]* 12mo, pp. 222.

——— Vol. 2. . . . . pp. 228. B. M.

* Although the title-page of this fifth edition is dated 1773, it was apparently not issued until 1774. In the *Morning Chronicle and Public Advertiser* for April 1, in that year, it is advertised for publication "To-morrow," [*i.e.* April 2,] and in the paper for that date is a reference to the critical condition of the author, who had been ill since March 25. Three days later comes the record of his death on the 4th. Whether the book was actually brought

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1776

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. The Second Edition.[?] Berlin: Sold by August Mylius,* Bookseller, and printed at Altenburgh by Richter. MDCCLXXVI. With a frontispiece by Daniel Chodowiecki.

1777

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. (Motto.) In Two Volumes. Vol. I. London: Printed for C. Ware and others. MDCCLXXVII. 12mo. Pp. 185.

——— Vol. II. . . . Pp. 178.

1779

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. The Sixth Edition. London: Printed for T. Carnan and F. Newbery, jun., at No. 65, in St. Paul's Church-yard. MDCCLXXIX. [Advertisement in *Public Advertiser*.]

1780

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. In Two Volumes. By Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) London: Printed for Joseph Wenman, MDCCLXXX. Sm. 12mo, pp. 107 and 101. With frontispiece to each volume after Dodd.

1781

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. (Motto.) In two volumes. Vol. I. London: Printed for J. Davies and others. MDCCLXXXI. 12mo. Pp. 151.

——— Vol. II. . . . Pp. 147.

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. In Two Volumes. By Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) London: Printed for Harrison & Co. MDCCLXXXI. 8vo, pp. 90, and 2 engravings by Walker, one from his own design and the other after Dodd: printed in 1 vol., pagination continuous. B. M.

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out on April 2 does not appear, for there is no further announcement on the subject in the *Chronicle* until April 21, after which it frequently recurs under the ambiguous heading "This day is published."

* August Mylius also published in 1786, and with a frontispiece by Chodowiecki, the spurious "*Triumph of Benevolence; or, the History of Francis Wills.* By the Author of the Vicar of Wakefield." (*Vide* Forster's *Life*, 1854, ii. 338-9.)

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1787

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith. (Motto.) The Eighth Edition. [Vignette of the author after Reynolds.] London: Printed for Thomas Carnan, at No. 65, in St. Paul's Church-Yard, Samuel Bladon and John Bew, in Pater-noster-row. MDCCLXXXVII.

[From an inserted Title-page in the B. M.]

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. [Vignette.] With accents. Halle: Printed and sold by Friedrich Daniel Francke. MDCCLXXXVII. 8vo, pp. xii, 312 and frontispiece. B. M.

1790

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. (Motto.) A New Edition. London: 1790, 12mo. Two volumes in one. Title, Contents to both volumes and Advertisement, 2 leaves; pp. 117 and 108. With a frontispiece-portrait entitled "Vicar." L. L.

1792

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. Two Volumes in one. By Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) London: Printed by Sammells and Ritchie, for E. Harding, and J. Good. MDCCXCII. 8vo, Title and Advertisement 2 leaves, pp. 214, and 6 plates, from Stothard's designs, engraved by Parker. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. (Motto.) The twenty-second Edition. Vol. I. London: W. Kemmish. MDCCXCII. 8vo, pp. 117, frontispiece and Title.

——— Vol. II. . . . . pp. 108, frontispiece and Title. B. M.

1793

The Vicar of Wakefield, A Tale, in two volumes, By Dr. Goldsmith. Vol. I. (Motto.) London: Printed for C. Cooke, No. 17 Paternoster Row [1793]. 12mo, pp. 213, (Memoirs 3—23) and 3 plates [2 engraved by C. Warren and C. Hawkins from R. Corbould's designs; the other designed and engraved by Anker Smith].

Vol. 5 of Cooke's Edition of Select British Novels. B. M.

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1798

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. By Dr. Goldsmith. Two volumes in one. (Motto.) Embellished with wood-cuts, by T. Bewick. Hereford, 1798. 12mo, half-title, title-page, pp. 224, and seven woodcuts (3 on Titles), four of which are drawn and engraved by T. Bewick; the other three are engraved by Bewick, but designed by F. Eginton. The second title on pp. 115, 116. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. By Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) Vienna, 1798, pp. xii, 419. Engraved title and plates.

1800

The Vicar of Wakefield by Dr. Goldsmith. London. Printed by C. Whittingham, Dean Street, Fetter Lane, for T. Cadell and others. Pub. Sep. 1, 1800. 8vo, engraved title, advertisement and contents, pp. 235, and 5 plates designed by Corbould (2 engraved by Storer, 2 by Saunders, and 1 by Rothwell). S. K.

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. Supposed to be written by Himself. London: 1800.

The Vicar of Wakefield; a tale by Oliver Goldsmith. Paris: A. A. Renouard, an. viii (1800). 12mo. With six plates (Westall's?), unsigned.

1806

The Vicar of Wakefield, 1806, woodcuts, 12mo.

1810

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1810. 32mo, pp. viii (including short sketch of author), 189, and frontispiece by T. Bewick. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. By Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) [1810.]

Vol. XXIII. of the British Novelists, pp. 169—380. B. M.

1812

The Vicar of Wakefield. 1812. Woodcuts by Thurston.

The Vicar of Wakefield, with the Author's Life and Original Anecdotes, by J. Evans. 8vo, 1812. Plates and woodcuts by Craig and Clennell.

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The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. By Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) London: Printed [at Weybridge] for J. Walker, 1812. 12mo, engraved title and frontispiece [designed by Uwins, engraved by J. Collyer], pp. viii (including Memoir), 196.

Vol. 38 of Walker's British Classics. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale; by Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) Alnwick: Printed by W. Davison. 1812. 12mo, pp. 214, and frontispiece by T. Bewick. B. M.

1813

The Vicar of Wakefield, A Tale; By Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) Stereotype Edition. Liverpool: Printed and published by Nuttall, Fisher, and Dixon [1813]. 8vo, pp. 136, and 3 plates designed by W. M. Craig, engraved by J. Neagle, J. Robinson, and A. M. Warren.

Part of the Mirror of Amusement. B. M.

1815

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Dr. Goldsmith. Whittingham's Edition. London: Printed for Whittingham and Arliss, 1815. 8vo, pp. viii, 248, and 37 woodcuts engraved by John Thompson. B. M.

Another edition. Chiswick, 1822. 16mo, pp. viii, 215, and 35 woodcuts drawn and engraved by Thompson.

1817

The Vicar of Wakefield; A Tale, By Doctor Goldsmith. Illustrated with twenty-four designs, by Thomas Rowlandson. (Motto.) London: Published by R. Ackermann, 1817. 8vo, pp. 8, 254. (Pp. 5—8 contain Memoirs of Goldsmith.)

Another edition published in 1823. B. M.

1818

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. By Dr. Goldsmith. (Motto.) London. Printed for John Sharpe, Piccadilly, by C. Whittingham, Chiswick. MDCCCXVIII. 12mo, pp. 194 and contents, and 5 plates designed by Westall and engraved by Noble, Corbould, Romney, Finden and Warren; four plates are dated Oct. 1, 1819. B. M.

Another edition. London, Chiswick [printed], 1828. 16°; the plates are all engraved by Finden, and the engraved title dated 1829. B. M.

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1823

Ballantyne's Novelist's Library; with Lives of the Authors, by Sir Walter Scott. 10 vols., imp. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1821-24. Vol. 5, 1823 (among others) The Vicar of Wakefield by Oliver Goldsmith. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.D. With Critical Remarks and a Memoir. London: 1823, 8vo., pp. viii, 68. Four woodcuts (by Sears) and a copper-plate portrait.

No. 2 in Limbird's British Novelist. B. M.

1832

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.D., with Illustrations by George Cruikshank. (Motto.) London: James Cochrane & Co. 1832, 8vo, title and Memoir, pp. viii, 168, and 2 illustrations by Cruikshank, steel portrait after Reynolds.

Vol. 10 of Roscoe's Novelist's Library. B. M.

1838

Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield. William Smith, 113 Fleet Street 1838. Standard Library Edition.

The Vicar of Wakefield by Oliver Goldsmith, with a prefatory memoir of the author and his writings. Edinburgh: Will. and R. Chambers, 1838. Large 8vo, Preface 4 pages, pp. 48. [People's Edition.]

Another edition. London and Edinburgh, 1859. 18mo, pp. xiii (including Memoir), 189, and frontispiece. B. M.

1841

A copy of an edition New York, 1841, 32mo, is in the Boston Athenæum.

An edition: London, 1841, 8vo, with 200 woodcuts by G. Dorrington, is mentioned by Lowndes.

1843

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. With Thirty-two illustrations, by William Mulready, R.A. London: Van Voorst. [Printed by S. & J. Bentley, Wilson, & Fley.] MDCCCXLIII. Sq. cr. 8vo, pp. xv., 306. Mulready's designs are engraved on wood by John Thompson; the preface is dated Dec. 1842. B. M.

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Another edition. Van Voorst, 1848.

,, ,, ,, ,, 1855.

,, ,, Roberts, Boston, U.S., 1883.

1844

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. Illustrated with 200 wood engravings and a portrait of the Author; with a prefatory Memoir by G. Moir Bussey, 1844. 8vo, pp. 280.

1848

The Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith. Printed in Phonography. London: F. Pitman, 20 Paternoster Row, 1848. 12mo.

Another edition. London [1876]. 16mo, pp. 160.
B. M.

1851

The Vicar of Wakefield by Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated with thirty engravings, price 6 pence. London, John K. Chapman & Co., 5 Shoe Lane. 4to, pp. 44 and Memoir 2 leaves.

The Illustrated Literature of all Nations, No. 4.
B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield A Tale By Oliver Goldsmith accompanied by A Life of the Author. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black, MDCCCLI. 18mo, pp. xv, 235. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. London: H. G. Bohn, 1852. 8vo, pp. 63.
One of Bohn's Classic Tales. B. M.

1853

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. London: Ingram, Cooke and Co., 1853. 8vo. Preliminaries; 55 pp. With frontispiece and vignette in title (woodcuts) by John Gilbert.
No. 1 in vol. i. of the Universal Library. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield. London: Palmer [1853], pp. 67, 8vo.
No. 1 in Palmer's Standard Novels.

1854

An edition. London: Nelson, 1854. 8vo.

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The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith. Printed by Whittingham for Grant & Griffith, St. Paul's Church Yard, 1854. Sq. fcp. 8vo, with 8 illustrations from drawings by John Absolon.

Another edition. London, 1855. 4to, pp. vi, 249. 3 designs are engraved by M. Jackson, 2 by W. N. Measom, 2 by W. T. Green, and 1 other. B. M.

Another edition. London, Griffith and Farran, 1860. 12mo.

The Vicar of Wakefield. Illustrated with forty engravings. From Drawings by George Thomas, and numerous Ornamental Pieces by T. Macquoid. Cr. 8vo, 1854.

Another edition. London, 1857. Post 8vo, pp. 220.

Another edition (3rd). London: Sampson Low, 1861. Post 8vo.

Another edition. London: Sampson Low [1875]. 8vo, pp. viii, 140. The 40 woodcuts are engraved by Horace Harral.

One of the Choice Series.

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. With a memoir by the Rev. R. A. Willmot. Routledge, 1854. 12mo.

Another edition. 1859. 12mo, pp. 150.
" " 1864. 12mo, pp. 160.
" " 1867. Post 8vo, pp. 136.
" " 1875. 12mo, pp. 168. Ruby Series.

1855

An edition. London: Ward and Lock, 1855. 12mo.

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith. A new edition, with illustrations by Gilbert, Kenny Meadows, and other artists. London: Knight and Son, 11 Clerkenwell Close [1855]. 16mo, pp. 232, and 15 plates and 20 tailpieces. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. London: T. Nelson & Sons, 1855. 32mo, pp. 252, Advertisement and Title. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. London: Ward and Lock, 1855. 8vo, pp. 201-361 [but apparently issued in a cheap 1s. series]. B. M.

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1858

The Vicar of Wakefield; A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith M.B. Illustrated with numerous engravings. London: Willoughby and Co., 26, Smithfield E.C. [1858.] 8vo, pp. xii (including Memoir), 212, and 8 plates and 123 woodcuts. B. M.

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. Groombridge, 1858. 32mo, pp. 220.
One of the Miniature Classical Library.

1860

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. London: James Hogg & Sons. [1860]. 12mo, pp. viii, 272, and twelve illustrations. B. M.

Another edition. 1868.

An edition: London, Lea. 1860. 12mo. B.M.

1863

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith. New York, Dick and Fitzgerald, 1863.

1864

An edition. London: Murby. 1864. 18mo.
One of Laurie's Entertaining Library.

1865

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. New York: Dodd. 24mo. 1865.

1869

An edition. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co., 1869. 16mo.

1871

The Vicar of Wakefield by Oliver Goldsmith. With Illustrations printed in Oil Colours (Kronheims). Warne, 1871. Post 8vo, pp. 294.

Another edition. London: Warne, 1875. Sq. 16mo.

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. Edinburgh: Nimmo, 1871. 12mo, pp. 204; includes a Life by Thomas Finlayson, pp. 11-26, portrait engraved by W. Howison and 4 woodcuts, full page. B. M.

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1872

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Dr. Goldsmith. London.: Groombridge and Sons [1872]. 8vo, pp. 188, title and Advertisement, and 6 coloured illustrations by A. F. Lydon.
B. M.

1873

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. New York: J. B. Ford and Co., 1873. Introduction of 3 pp., and four fullpage illustrations.

No. 3 in A Library of Famous Fiction, where it occupies pp. 447—538. B. M.

1874

An edition. Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1874. 12mo.
One of the Entertaining Library Series.

An edition. New York: Putnam, 1874. 12mo.

1875

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated with twelve fine steel engravings by Sangster. London. Barrett, 1875. 4to, pp. viii, 148. S. K.

Another edition. London: Barrett, 1879. post 8vo, pp. 276, and twelve engravings.

1876

An edition. New York: Hurd and Houghton, 1876. Sq. 16mo.
One of the Riverside Classics.

The Vicar of Wakefield By Oliver Goldsmith With numerous Illustrations. London: Marcus Ward & Co. [Belfast printed] 1876. cr. 8vo, pp. viii, 264, coloured Title and Frontispiece, and 65 woodcuts. B. M.

Another edition. London: Marcus Ward [1883]. Frontispiece and Title not coloured and life of two pp. added.
B. M.

One of a series called Marcus Ward's Educational Literature.

1877

An edition. Boston, U.S.: Osgood, 1877. 18mo.
One of the Little Classic Edition.

1878

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. With Memoir of the Author. London: Frederick Warne and Co. [1878]. 8vo, pp. viii, 107 (including Memoir pp. 9—22.)
One of the Notable Novels Series.

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1879

An edition. New York: Harper, 1879. 32mo.
One of the Half Hour Series.

1880

The Vicar of Wakefield A Tale By Oliver Goldsmith With twelve illustrations in permanent photography from pictures by eminent British Artists. London: Bickers & Son Leicester Sq. 1880 [Ballantyne Press]. 8vo, pp. xii, 308. 3 photos from W. Mulready, 5 from Stothard, and 1 each from E. M. Ward, T. Woodward, D. Maclise and G. S. Newton.
B. M.

Another edition. Bickers, 1883. Post 8vo, pp. 312.

1881

An illustrated edition. Philadelphia: Porter & Co., 1881. 12mo.

1882

The Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith. With illustrations. Routledge and Sons [1882]. 8vo, pp. 153, and 2 illustrations.
B. M.

1883

The Vicar of Wakefield. With illustrations. London: W. Scott. post 8vo, pp. 360.

The Vicar of Wakefield by Oliver Goldsmith, with a memoir of Goldsmith by Professor Masson. (From the Globe edition of Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works.) London: Macmillan and Co., 1883. 8vo, pp. 139 (the first 56 pp. contain the Memoir).
B. M.

One of the Globe Readings from Standard Authors.

The Vicar of Wakefield By Oliver Goldsmith. With a Preface and Notes by Austin Dobson. (Motto.) London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. MDCCCLXXXIII. 8vo, pp. xx, 308, and a frontispiece by Randolph Caldecott. (The notes are comprised in pp. 269 to 308).
One of the Parchment Library. B. M.

Another edition. New York: Appleton, 1884.
One of English Classics Series.

1884

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. Edinburgh: Crawford & M'Cabe [1884]. Cr. 8vo, pp. iv, 190.
B. M.

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The Vicar of Wakefield adapted for use in Schools. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Son, 1884. 12mo, pp. 160.
One of Blackwood's Educational Series.

The Vicar of Wakefield. 8vo, paper wrapper and portrait, in all pp. 78, double columns. This edition was issued in 1884 by the Bon Marché in Barnett Street, Liverpool, at the price of One Penny.

TRANSLATIONS.

Bohemian. 1842

Kazatel Wakefieldsky. Sepsaná od Oliwiera Goldsmitha, prelozená od Wáclawa Filjpka. W Praze, 1842. 8vo, pp. 287. B. M.

Danish. 1837

Praesten i Wakefield. En Fortœlling, skrevet i hans eget Navn, af O. Goldsmith. Fordansket af S. S. Blicher. Kjobenhavn. Bog- og Papirhandler C. Steens Forlag, 1837. 16mo, pp. 328. B. M
One of the Gallerie for fremmede Classikere.

1882

Præsten fra Wakefield. En Fortœlling af Oliver Goldsmith. Kjobenhavn. Forlagt af Brodrene Salmonsen (J. Salmonsen), 1882. 8vo, Contents, pp. 313.

Dutch.

De Predikant von Wakefield, Amsterdam, 1845, 8vo.

De Predikant von Wakefield. Haarlem, Kruseman.

Finnish. 1859

Maapapin Wakefjeldisla Elämä. Turusa: 1859. 4to. Woodcuts, pp. 156. B. M.

French. 1767

An edition. Translation attributed to Mdme. de Montesson. Londres et Paris: Pissot, 1767, 12mo.

1796

Le Curé de Wakefield. Traduit de L'Anglais par M. J. B. Biset. (Motto.) A Londres: Chez l'Auteur. No. 9, East Street, Manchester Square; T. Cadell and others. 1796. 12mo, pp. xi, 348. B. M.

Le Ministre de Wakefield, par Goldsmith, traduit de l'anglais (par Etienne Aignan). Nouvelle édition. Paris, chez Laran, au Palais Égalité, An. IV. 2 vols. sm. 12mo. With two vignettes, drawn and engraved by G. Texier.
[There are several subsequent editions.]

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1797

An edition. Translation by P. L. Cl. Gin. Paris: 1797, 8vo.

1799

An edition. Translated by E. de Flinville. Paris: 1799, 2 vols, 18mo.

1802

Le Ministre de Wakefield, traduit de l'anglais, avec les poésies rendues en vers et quelques notes par Ymbert fils. Paris, an. XI. (1802). 2 vols. 12mo. With two plates by Huot, engraved by Adam.

1804

Le Curé de Wakefield; Traduction nouvelle, par J. A. Voullaire. Dulau, etc. 2 vols. 12mo.

1816

Le Ministre de Wakefield, d'Oliver Goldsmith, en anglois et en françois; traduction nouvelle, dediée, avec permission, a sa Grace La Duchesse de Somerset, par Madame Despourrin. (Motto.) Tome I. Londres, De l'Imprimerie de R. Juigné, 17 Margaret Street, Cavendish Square. 1816. 12mo, pp. viii, 333.

——————— Tome II. . . . 12mo. Title, Advertisement, pp. 322 and leaf of errata to premier vol. [Parallel French and English text.] B. M.

Le Curé de Wakefield. Roman traduit de l'Anglois, par M. de Russy. 1ère partie. New York: J. Desnoves, 1816 8vo, pp. 249.

1825

Le Ministre de Wakefield. Precédé d'un Essai sur la vie et les écrits d'Oliver Goldsmith. Par M. Hennequin. Paris. Brédif, 1825.

[Forster calls this translation "careful and good."]

1838

Le Vicaire de Wakefield (The Vicar of Wakefield), par Goldsmith, traduit en francais avec le texte Anglais en regard, par Charles Nodier, de l'Academie française; precédé d'une notice par le même sur la vie, et les ouvrages de Goldsmith, et suivi de quelques notes. (Motto.) Paris, Bourgueleret, Editeur, 1838. 4to, pp. xxvii, 575. Contents 4 leaves. Ten steel engravings after Tony Johannot, a frontispiece and numerous woodcuts from designs of C. Marville, Janet Lange and C. Jacque. S. K.

[French translation alternate with English text.]

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Another edition ——— Traduction nouvelle précedee d'une notice par Charles Nodier de l'Académie française. 10 vignettes dessinées par T. Johannot, gravées sur acier par Revel. Paris, Victor Lecou and Hetzel et Cie [1843]. 4to, pp. xxxi, 306. L.P., without woodcuts. B. M.
[There are numerous editions of this highly popular version.]

1853

A copy of an edition, Le Vicaire de Wakefield, New York, 1853, 12mo, is in the Brooklyn Library.

1862

Le Vicaire de Wakefield par Olivier Goldsmith Traduction nouvelle par Madame Louise Belloc précédée d'une notice par Sir Walter Scott. Paris. Charpentier, Libraire-editeur 1862. 12mo, pp. xlvii, 312 (Notes 9 pp.). B. M.
[Lorenz says the 1st edition of this was issued in 1839.]

1866

An edition. Traduction nouvelle de N. Fournier, précedée d'une étude par Lord Macaulay, traduction de M. G. Guizot. Paris: Lévy frères. 1866, 12mo.

1867

Le Vicaire de Wakefield. Traduction Française par E. D. Forgues, avec le texte Anglais, une notice, des arguments analytiques et des notes (by Alex. Beljame). Paris, Hachette et Cie., 1867. 12mo, pp. 555. B. M.
[The notes to this edition are unusually good.]

1871

An edition (Translation) 1871, 2 vols, 32mo.
Vols. 150 and 151 of the Bibliothèque nationale.

German. 1767

Der Landpriester von Wakefield. Ein Märchen, das er selbst soll geschrieben haben. Aus dem Englischen. (Motto.) Leipzig, bey M. G. Weidmanns Erben und Reich. 1767. 8vo, Title, Vorbericht des Herausgebers, pp. 302. B. M.

1777

Der Dorfprediger von Wakefield. Eine Geschichte, die er selbst geschrieben haben soll. Von neuem verdeutscht [by J. J. C. Bode]. [Vignette by Chodowiecki on copper.] Frankfurt und Höchst, in der Gollnerischen Buchhandlung, 1777. 8vo, pp. xvi, 367. B. M.

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Another edition 1816. Frontispiece by Chodowiecki, engraved by G. G. E ndner.

Another edition ——— Vierte Auflage. Leipzig, 1818, in der Weidmannischen Buchhandlung. 12mo, pp. xiv (includes preface by J. J. C. Bode), 380. B. M.

1833

Der Dorfpfarrer zu Wakefield, ein Roman. Published in three Languages with notes, by Dr. C. M. Winterling. Nuremberg, Printed for H. Haubenstricker. 1833. 12mo, pp. x, 459, separate Titles for German, English and French text. B. M.

1835

Der Landprediger von Wakefield. Leipsic, 1835. With illustrations reproduced from Westall.

1836

An edition. Translated by W. A. Lindau. Dresden and Leipsiç, 1836, 8vo.

An edition. Translated by G. F. Kolb. Zweibrücken, 1836, 12mo.

1839

An edition. Translated by H. Döring. Erfurt, 1839, 16mo.

1841

Der Landprediger von Wakefield. Eine Erzahlung von Oliver Goldsmith. Uebersetzt von Ernst Susemihl. Illustrirt von Ludwig Richter. Leipzig, 1841. Georg Wigands Verlag. [paper cover has "Mit mehr als 60 holzschnitten]. 8vo, pp. 272. Originally issued in 8 parts. Some of the woodcuts are engraved by E. Kretzschmar and some others by Nicholls. B. M.

Another edition ——— Illustrirt von Ludwig Richter und J. G. Füllhaus. Vierte Auflage. Mit einer biographisch-kritischen und literar-historischen Einleitung von Dr. Otto Roquette. Leipzig, 1873. 4to.

[There are numerous other editions of this popular version.]

1851

Der Landprediger von Wakefield. Eine Erzahlung von Oliver Goldsmith. Aus dem Englischen übersetzt durch Karl Eduard von der Oelsnitz. Dritte Auflage, Leipzig, 1851. 8vo, pp. xxxii (including Memoir), 232. B. M.

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1870

Oliver Goldsmith's Landprediger von Wakefield. Deutsch von Karl Eitner. Hildburghausen: Verlag des Bibliographischen Instituts. 1870. 8vo, pp. 219.

Bibliothek ausländischer Klassiker, etc., III.

An edition. New Translation. Leipziç, 1870, 16mo.

Greek. 1862

An edition [Translation]. 1862. 8vo, pp. 240, last page in error 340. B. M.

Hungarian. 1831

A' Vékfildi Pap. Egy Történet, Goldsmith után ánglusból. Forditotta P. Csòrja Ferentz, most a' Sz. Udvarhelyi Év. Reformátum Némes Kollegyomban, a' Philosophiának, Mathesisnek, Haza Historiának, Politikának, Statistikának közönséges rendes Tanitója. [Printed] Nagy Enyeden, Nyomtattatott a' Ns. Ref. Kollégyom' betüivel. Vizi István ügyelete alatt. 1831. 8vo, pp. viii, 283. B. M.

1855

A Wakefieldi Pap. Irta Goldsmith Olivér, angolból fordította Ács Zsigmond. Kecskeméten, Gallia Fülöp, Konyvárus-es Kiadónál. 1855. 8vo, pp. 296. B. M.

Italian. 1856

Il vicario di Wakefield, trad. di G. Berchet. Firenze, 1856. 16mo.

A copy is in the Boston U.S. Public Library.

Roumanian. 1852

Vicarulŭ de la Vakefield de Olivieri Goldsmith. Tradusŭ din limba Englesă de E. A[ngelesku]. (Motto.) Bukuresti, Imprimeria lui Ferdinand Om. 1852. 8vo, pp. 194. B. M.

Russian. 1846

An edition [Translation]. With numerous illustrations [1846], 8vo, pp. xvi, 303.

Polish. 1825

Wikary Wekfildzki, powiesc z angielskiego wytlumaczona przez Hippolita Blotnickiego. Tomow II. Warszawa, nakl N. Glückbsrya druk Król Uniwers i Liceum Wolynskiego, 1825.

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1853

Goldsmith. Wikary Wakefield'ski. Przeklad W. Noakowskiego. Illustracya Edwarda Frère. Warszawa. Nakladem S. H. Merzbacha ksiegarza. 1853. 4to, pp. 48 [with numerous woodcuts]. B. M.

One of a series "Skarbiec Arcydziel Pismienniczych Europy."

Spanish. 1833

La Familia de Primrose. Novela moral, escrita en Inglés por el celebre O. Goldsmith con el titulo de The Vicar of Wakefield; y traducida al Castellano por D. A. B. y L. D. C. Barcelona, A. Bergnes y Comp., 1833. 16mo, vol. 1, pp. 245; vol. 2, pp. 221. B. M.

1855

El Vicario de Wakefield. Novela escrita en Inglés por Oliverio Goldsmit. Publicada bajo la direccion de D. A. F. de los Rios. Madrid [1855]. 4to, pp. 40.

Part of the Biblioteca Universal. B. M.

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CHAP. I.

The deſcription of the family of Wakefield; in which a kindred likeneſs prevails as well of minds as of perſons.

I WAS ever of opinion, that the honeſt man who married and brought up a large family, did more ſervice than he who continued ſingle, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had ſcarce taken orders a year before I began to think ſeriouſly of matrimony, choſe my wife as ſhe did her wedding gown, not for a fine gloſſy ſurface, but ſuch qualities as would wear well. To do her juſtice, ſhe was a good-natured notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who at that time could ſhew more. She could read any Engliſh book without much ſpelling, and for pickling, preſerving, and cookery,

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none could excel her. She prided herſelf much alſo upon being an excellent contriver in houſe-keeping; yet I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondneſs encreaſed with age. There was in fact nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant houſe, ſituated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was ſpent in moral or rural amuſements; in viſiting our rich neighbours, or relieving ſuch as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fireſide, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or ſtranger come to taſte our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profeſs with the veracity of an hiſtorian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our couſins

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ſins too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the Herald's office, and came very frequently to ſee us. Some of them did us no great honour by theſe claims of kindred; for literally ſpeaking, we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongſt the number. However, my wife always inſiſted that as they were the same *fleſh and blood* with us, they ſhould ſit with us at the ſame table. So that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good thro' life, that the poorer the gueſt, the better pleaſed he ever is with being treated: and as ſome men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, and others are ſmitten with the wing of a butterfly, ſo I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a perſon of very bad character, a troubleſome gueſt, or one we deſired to get rid of, upon his leaving my houſe for the firſt time, I ever took care to lend him a riding coat, or a pair of

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boots, or ſometimes an horſe of ſmall value, and I always had the ſatisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the houſe was cleared of ſuch as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

Thus we lived ſeveral years in a ſtate of much happineſs, not but that we ſometimes had thoſe little rubs which Providence ſends to enhance the value of its other favours. My orchard was often robbed by ſchool-boys, and my wife's cuſtards plundered by the cats or the children. The 'Squire would ſometimes fall aſleep in the moſt pathetic parts of my ſermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated curteſy. But we ſoon got over the uneaſineſs cauſed by ſuch accidents, and uſually in three or four days we began to wonder how they vext us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without ſoftneſs,

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neſs, ſo they were at once well formed and healthy; my ſons hardy and active, my daughters dutiful and blooming. When I ſtood in the midſt of the little circle, which promiſed to be the ſupports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous ſtory of Count Abenſberg, who, in Henry II's progreſs through Germany, when other courtiers came with their treaſures, brought his thirty-two children, and preſented them to his ſovereign as the moſt valuable offering he had to beſtow. In this manner, though I had but ſix, I conſidered them as a very valuable preſent made to my country, and conſequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldeſt ſon was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thouſand pounds. Our ſecond child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Griſſel; but my wife, who during her pregnancy had been reading romances, inſiſted upon her being called Olivia. In leſs than another year we had a daughter again, and now I was determined that Griſſel ſhould be her name; but a rich relation

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taking a fancy to ſtand godmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia; ſo that we had two romantic names in the family; but I ſolemnly proteſt I had no hand in it. Moſes was our next, and after an interval of twelve years, we had two ſons more.

It would be fruitleſs to deny my exultation when I ſaw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the ſatisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our viſitors would uſually ſay, "Well, "upon my word, Mrs. Primroſe, you "have the fineſt children in the whole "country."----"Ay, neighbour," ſhe would anſwer, "they are as heaven made them, "handſome enough, if they be good "enough; for handſome is that handſome "does." And then ſhe would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handſome. Mere outſide is ſo very trifling a circumſtance with me, that I ſhould ſcarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been

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been a general topic of converſation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriancy of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, ſprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not ſo ſtriking at firſt; but often did more certain execution; for they were ſoft, modeſt, and alluring. The one vanquiſhed by a ſingle blow, the other by efforts ſucceſsfully repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features, at leaſt it was ſo with my daughters. Olivia wiſhed for many lovers, Sophia to ſecure one. Olivia was often affected from too great a deſire to pleaſe. Sophia even repreſt excellence from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her ſenſe when I was ſerious. But theſe qualities were never carried to exceſs in either, and I have often ſeen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A ſuit of mourning has transformed my coquet into

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a prude, and a new ſet of ribbands given her younger ſiſter more than natural vivacity. My eldeſt ſon George was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned profeſſions. My ſecond boy Moſes, whom I deſigned for buſineſs, received a ſort of a miſcellaneous education at home. But it would be needleſs to attempt deſcribing the particular characters of young people that had ſeen but very little of the world. In ſhort, a family likeneſs prevailed through all, and properly ſpeaking, they had but one character, that of being all equally generous, credulous, ſimple, and inoffenſive.

CHAP.

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CHAP. II.

Family misfortunes. The loſs of fortune only ſerves to encreaſe the pride of the worthy.

THE temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management, as to the ſpiritual I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to but thirty-five pounds a year, I gave to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our dioceſe; for having a ſufficient fortune of my own, I was careleſs of temporalities, and felt a ſecret pleaſure in doing my duty without reward. I alſo ſet a reſolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the pariſh, exhorting the married men to temperance and the bachelors to matrimony; ſo that in a few years it was a common ſaying, that there

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were three ſtrange wants at Wakefield, a parſon wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and ale-houſes wanting cuſtomers.

Matrimony was always one of my favourite topics, and I wrote ſeveral ſermons to prove its utility and happineſs: but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of ſupporting; for I maintained with Whiſton, that it was unlawful for a prieſt of the church of England, after the death of his firſt wife, to take a ſecond, or to expreſs it in one word, I valued myſelf upon being a ſtrict monogamiſt.

I was early innitiated into this important diſpute, on which ſo many laborious volumes have been written. I publiſhed ſome tracts upon the ſubject myſelf, which, as they never ſold, I have the conſolation of thinking are read only by the happy *Few*. Some of my friends called this my weak ſide; but alas! they had not like me made it the ſubject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important

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important it appeared. I even went a ſtep beyond Whiſton in diſplaying my principles: as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that ſhe was the *only* wife of William Whiſton; ſo I wrote a ſimilar epitaph for my wife, though ſtill living, in which I extolled her prudence, œconomy, and obedience till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it anſwered ſeveral very uſeful purpoſes. It admoniſhed my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; it inſpired her with a paſſion for fame, and conſtantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage ſo often recommended, that my eldeſt ſon, juſt upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the church, and in circumſtances to give her a large fortune: but fortune was her ſmalleſt accompliſhment. Miſs Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all, except my two daughters, to be completely pretty.

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pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence, were ſtill heightened by a complexion ſo tranſparent, and ſuch an happy ſenſibility of look, that even age could not gaze with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handſome ſettlement on my ſon, he was not averſe to the match; ſo both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced by experience that the days of courtſhip are the moſt happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amuſements which the young couple every day ſhared in each other's company, ſeemed to encreaſe their paſſion. We were generally awaked in the morning by muſic, and on fine days rode a hunting. The hours between breakfaſt and dinner the ladies devoted to dreſs and ſtudy: they uſually read a page, and then gazed at themſelves in the glaſs, which even philoſophers might own often preſented the page of greateſt beauty. At dinner my wife took the lead; for as ſhe always inſiſted upon carving every thing herſelf, it being

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being her mother's way, ſhe gave us upon theſe occaſions the hiſtory of every diſh. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and ſometimes, with the muſic maſter's aſſiſtance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits, ſhortened the reſt of the day, without the aſſiſtance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I ſometimes took a two-penny hit. Nor can I here paſs over an ominous circumſtance that happened the laſt time we played together: I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw deuce ace five times running.

Some months were elapſed in this manner, till at laſt it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who ſeemed earneſtly to deſire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not deſcribe the buſy importance of my wife, nor the ſly looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on ano-

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another object, the completing a tract which I intended ſhortly to publiſh in defence of monogamy. As I looked upon this as a maſter-piece both for argument and ſtyle, I could not in the pride of my heart avoid ſhewing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation; but too late I diſcovered that he was moſt violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reaſon; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a diſpute attended with ſome acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance: but on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to diſcuſs the ſubject at large.

It was managed with proper ſpirit on both ſides: he aſſerted that I was heterodox, I retorted the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the mean time, while the controverſy was hotteſt, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, adviſed me to give up the diſpute, and allow the old gentleman to be a huſ-

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if he could, at leaſt till my ſon's wedding was over. "How," cried I, "relinquiſh "the cauſe of truth, and let him be an huſ- "band, already driven to the very verge of "abſurdity. You might as well adviſe me "to give up my fortune as my argument." "That fortune," returned my friend, "I am "now ſorry to inform you, is almoſt no- "thing. Your merchant in town, in "whose hands your money was lodged, "has gone off, to avoid a ſtatute of bank- "ruptcy, and it is thought has not left a "ſhilling in the pound. I was unwilling "to ſhock you or the family with the "account till after the wedding: but now "it may ſerve to moderate your warmth in "the argument; for, I ſuppoſe, your own "prudence will enforce the neceſſity of diſ- "ſembling at leaſt till your ſon has the "young lady's fortune ſecure."----"Well," returned I, "if what you tell me be true, "and if I am to be a beggar, it ſhall ne- "ver make me a raſcal, or induce me "to diſavow my principles. I'll go this "moment and inform the company of "my circumſtaces; and as for the argu-

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" ment, I even here retract my former con-
" ceſſions in the old gentleman's favour,
" nor will I allow him now to be an huſ-
" band either dejure, de facto, or in any
" ſenſe of the expreſſion."

It would be endleſs to deſcribe the different ſenſations of both families when I divulged the news of my misfortunes; but what others felt was ſlight to what the young lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilmot, who ſeemed before ſufficiently inclined to break off the match, was by this blow ſoon determined: one virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence, too often the only virtue that is left us unimpaired at ſeventy-two.

CHAP.

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" give up thoſe ſplendours with which " numbers are wretched, and ſeek in hum- " bler circumſtances that peace with which " all may be happy. The poor live plea- " ſantly without our help, and we are not " ſo imperfectly formed as to be incapable " of living without theirs. No, my chil- " dren, let us from this moment give up " all pretenſions to gentility; we have " ſtill enough left for happineſs if we are " wiſe, and let us draw upon content for " the deficiencies of fortune."

As my eldeſt ſon was bred a ſcholar, I determined to ſend him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our ſupport and his own. The ſeparation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the moſt diſtreſsful circumſtances attendant on penury. The day ſoon arrived on which we were to diſperſe for the firſt time. My ſon, after taking leave of his mother and the reſt, who mingled their tears with their kiſſes, came to aſk a bleſſing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which,

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added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to beſtow. "You are going, "my boy," cried I, "to London on foot, "in the manner Hooker, your great an- "ceſtor, travelled there before you. Take "from me the ſame horſe that was given "him by the good biſhop Jewel, this ſtaff, "and take this book too, it will be your "comfort on the way: theſe two lines in "it are worth a million, *I have been young*, "*and now am old*; *yet never ſaw I the* "*righteous man forſaken, or his ſeed beg-* "*ging their bread.* Let this be your con- "ſolation as you travel on. Go, my boy, "whatever be thy fortune let me ſee thee "once a year; ſtill keep a good heart, and "farewell." As he was poſſeſt of inte- grity and honour, I was under no appre- henſions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would act a good part whether he roſe or fell.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days after- wards.

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wards. The leaving a neighbourhood in which we had enjoyed ſo many hours of tranquility, was not without a tear, which ſcarce fortitude itſelf could ſuppreſs. Beſides, a journey of ſeventy miles to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehenſion, and the cries of the poor, who followed us for ſome miles, contributed to encreaſe it. The firſt day's journey brought us in ſafety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obſcure inn in a village by the way. When we were ſhewn a room, I deſired the landlord, in my uſual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would encreaſe the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly 'Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he deſcribed as one who deſired to know little more of the world than the pleaſures it afforded, being particularly remarkable

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markable for his attachment to the fair ſex. He obſerved that no virtue was able to reſiſt his arts and aſſiduity, and that ſcarce a farmer's daughter within ten miles round but what had found him ſucceſsful and faithleſs. Though this account gave me ſome pain, it had a very a different effect upon my daughters, whoſe features ſeemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph, nor was my wife leſs pleaſed and confident of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hoſteſs entered the room to inform her huſband, that the ſtrange gentleman, who had been two days in the houſe, wanted money, and could not ſatisfy them for his reckoning. "Want money!" replied the hoſt, "that "muſt be impoſſible; for it was no later "than yeſterday he paid three guineas to "our beadle to ſpare an old broken ſol-"dier that was to be whipped through "the town for dog-ſtealing." The hoſteſs, however, ſtill perſiſting in her firſt aſſertion, he was preparing to leave the room, ſwearing

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ing that he would be ſatisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a ſtranger of ſo much charity as he deſcribed. With this he complied, ſhewing in a gentleman who ſeemed to be about thirty, dreſt in cloaths that once were laced. His perſon was well formed, though his face was marked with the lines of thinking. He had ſomething ſhort and dry in his addreſs, and ſeemed not to underſtand ceremony, or to deſpiſe it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expreſſing my concern to the ſtranger at ſeeing a gentleman in ſuch circumſtances, and offered him my purſe to ſatisfy the preſent demand. "I take "it with all my heart, Sir," replied he, "and am glad that a late overſight in giv- "ing what money I had about me, has "ſhewn me that there is ſtill ſome benevo- "lence left among us. I muſt, however, "previouſly entreat being informed of the "name and reſidence of my benefactor, "in order to remit it as ſoon as poſſible." In this I ſatisfied him fully, not only mentioning

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tioning my name and late misfortunes, but the place to which I was going to remove. "This," cried he, "happens ſtill more "luckily than I hoped for, as I am going "the ſame way myſelf, having been de-"tained here two days by the floods, "which, I hope, by to-morrow will be "found paſſable." I teſtified the pleaſure I ſhould have in his company, and my wife and daughters joining in entreaty, he was prevailed upon to ſtay ſupper. The ſtranger's converſation, which was at once pleaſing and inſtructive, induced me to wiſh for a continuance of it; but it was now high time to retire and take refreſhment againſt the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all ſet forward together: my family on horſeback, while Mr. Burchell, our new companion, walked along the foot-path by the road-ſide, obſerving, with a ſmile, that as we were ill mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet ſubſided, we were obliged to hire

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hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philoſophical diſputes, which he ſeemed perfectly to underſtand. But what ſurpriſed me moſt was, that though he was a money-borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obſtinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then alſo informed me to whom the different ſeats belonged that lay in our view as we travelled the road. "That," cried he, pointing to a very magnificent houſe which ſtood at ſome diſtance, "belongs to Mr. "Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys "a large fortune, though entirely depen- "dant on the will of his uncle, Sir Willam "Thornhill, a gentleman, who content with "a little himſelf,, permits his nephew to en- "joy the reſt, and chiefly reſides in town." "What!" cried I, "is my young landlord "then the nephew of a man whoſe vir- "tues, generoſity, and ſingularities are "ſo univerſally known? I have heard

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" Sir William Thornhill repreſented as " one of the moſt generous, yet whim- " ſical, men in the kingdom; a man " of conſummate benevolence"——— " Something perhaps, too much ſo," replied Mr. Burchell, " at leaſt he carried be- " nevolence to an exceſs when young; " for his paſſions were then ſtrong, " and as they all were upon the ſide of vir- " tue, they led it up to a romantic ex- " treme. He early began to aim at the " qualifications of the ſoldier and ſcho- " lar; was ſoon diſtinguiſhed in the army, " and had ſome reputation among men of " learning. Adulation ever follows the " ambitious; for ſuch alone receive moſt " pleaſure from flattery. He was ſur- " rounded with crowds, who ſhewed him " only one ſide of their character; ſo that " he began to loſe a regard for private " intereſt in univerſal ſympathy. He " loved all mankind; for fortune prevented " him from knowing that there were raſcals. " Phyſicians tell us of a diſorder in which " the

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" the whole body is ſo exquiſitely ſenſible,
" that the ſlighteſt touch gives pain: what
" ſome have thus ſuffered in their per-
" ſons, this gentleman felt in his mind.
" The ſlighteſt diſtreſs, whether real or fic-
" titious, touched him to the quick, and
" his ſoul laboured under a ſickly ſenſibi-
" lity of the miſeries of others. Thus diſ-
" poſed to relieve, it will be eaſily conjec-
" tured, he found numbers diſpoſed to ſo-
" licit: his profuſions began to impair his
" fortune, but not his good-nature; that,
" indeed, was ſeen to encreaſe as the other
" ſeemed to decay: he grew improvident
" as he grew poor; and though he talked
" like a man of ſenſe, his actions were thoſe
" of a fool. Still, however, being ſur-
" rounded with importunity, and no lon-
" ger able to ſatisfy every requeſt that was
" made him, inſtead of *money* he gave *pro-*
" *miſes*. They were all he had to beſtow,
" and he had not reſolution enough to give
" any man pain by a denial. By this
" means he drew round him crowds of de-

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" pendants, whom he was ſure to diſap-
" point; yet wiſhed to relieve. Theſe hung
" upon him for a time, and left him with
" merited reproaches and contempt. But
" in proportion as he became contemptible
" to others, he became deſpicable to him-
" ſelf. His mind had leaned upon their
" adulation, and that ſupport taken away,
" he could find no pleaſure in the ap-
" plauſe of his heart, which he had never
" learnt to reverence itſelf. The world now
" began to wear a different aſpect; the flat-
" tery of his friends began to dwindle into
" ſimple approbation, that ſoon took the
" more friendly form of advice, and ad-
" vice when rejected ever begets reproaches.
" He now found that ſuch friends as bene-
" fits had gathered round him, were by no
" means the moſt eſtimable: it was now
" found that a man's own heart muſt be
" ever given to gain that of another.
" I now found, that——but I forget
" what I was going to obſerve: in
" ſhort, ſir, he reſolved to reſpect him-
" ſelf,

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" ſelf, and laid down a plan of reſtoring
" his ſhattered fortune. For this pur-
" poſe, in his own whimſical man-
" ner he travelled through Europe on
" foot, and before he attained the age of
" thirty, his circumſtances were more affluent than ever. At preſent, therefore,
" his bounties are more rational and moderate than before; but ſtill he preſerves
" the character of an humouriſt, and
" finds moſt pleaſure in eccentric
" virtues."

My attention was ſo much taken up by Mr. Burchell's account, that I ſcarce looked forward as we went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family, when turning, I perceived my youngeſt daughter in the midſt of a rapid ſtream, thrown from her horſe, and ſtruggling with the torrent. She had ſunk twice, nor was it in my power to diſengage myſelf in time to bring her relief. My ſenſations were even too violent to

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permit my attempting her reſcue: ſhe would have certainly periſhed had not my companion, percieving her danger, inſtantly plunged in to her relief, and, with ſome difficulty, brought her in ſafety to the oppoſite ſhore. By taking the current a little farther up, the reſt of the family got ſafely over; where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledgments to her's. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than deſcribed: ſhe thanked her deliverer more with looks than words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if ſtill willing to receive aſſiſtance. My wife alſo hoped one day to have the pleaſure of returning his kindneſs at her own houſe. Thus, after we were all refreſhed at the next inn, and had dined together, as he was going to a different part of the country, he took leave; and we purſued our journey. My wife obſerving as we went, that ſhe liked Mr. Burchell extremely, and proteſting, that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into ſuch a family as our's, ſhe knew

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no man ſhe would ſooner fix upon. I could not but ſmile to hear her talk in this ſtrain: one almoſt at the verge of beggary thus to aſſume language of the moſt inſulting affluence, might excite the ridicule of ill-nature; but I was never much diſpleaſed with thoſe innocent deluſions that tend to make us more happy.

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CHAP. IV.

A proof that even the humbleſt fortune may grant happineſs and delight, which depend not on circumſtance, but conſtitution.

THE place of our new retreat was in a little neighbourhood, conſiſting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal ſtrangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almoſt all the conveniencies of life within themſelves, they ſeldom viſited towns or cities in ſearch of ſuperfluity. Remote from the polite, they ſtill retained a primæval ſimplicity of manners, and frugal by long habit, ſcarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with chearfulneſs on days of labour; but obſerved feſtivals as intervals of idleneſs and pleaſure. They kept up the

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Chriſtmas carol, ſent true love-knots on Valentine morning, eat pancakes on Shrove-tide, ſhewed their wit on the firſt of April, and religiouſly cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve. Being apprized of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their miniſter, dreſt in their fineſt cloaths, and preceded by a pipe and tabor: alſo a feaſt was provided for our reception, at which we ſat chearfully down; and what the converſation wanted in wit, we made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was ſituated at the foot of a ſloping hill, ſheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one ſide a meadow, on the other a green. My farm conſiſted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given an hundred pound for my predeceſſor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatneſs of my little encloſures: the elms and hedge rows appearing with inexpreſſible beauty. My houſe conſiſted of but one ſtory, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great ſnugneſs;

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neſs; the walls on the inſide were nicely white-waſhed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own deſigning. Though the ſame room ſerved us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Beſides, as it was kept with the utmoſt neatneſs, the diſhes, plates, and coppers, being well ſcoured, and all diſpoſed in bright rows on the ſhelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not ſeem to want rich furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the reſt of my children.

The little republic to which I gave laws, was regulated in the following manner: by ſun-riſe we all aſſembled in our common appartment; the fire being previouſly kindled by the ſervant. After we had ſaluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up ſome mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever deſtroys friendſhip, we

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we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my ſon and I went to purſue our uſual induſtry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themſelves in providing breakfaſt, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philoſophical arguments between my ſon and me.

As we roſe with the ſun, ſo we never purſued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family; where ſmiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleaſant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without other gueſts: ſometimes farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a viſit, and taſte our gooſeberry wine; for the making of which we had loſt neither the receipt nor the reputation. Theſe harmleſs people had ſeveral ways

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ways of being good company, while one played the pipes, another would ſing ſome ſoothing ballad, Johnny Armſtrong's laſt good night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngeſt boys being appointed to read the leſſons of the day, and he that read loudeſt, diſtincteſt, and beſt, was to have an halfpenny on Sunday to put in the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my ſumptuary edicts could not reſtrain. How well ſo ever I fancied my lectures againſt pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters; yet I ſtill found them ſecretly attached to all their former finery: they ſtill loved laces, ribbands, bugles and catgut; my wife herſelf retained a paſſion for her crimſon paduaſoy, becauſe I formerly happened to ſay it became her.

The firſt Sunday in particular their behaviour ſerved to mortify me: I had deſired my girls

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girls the preceding night to be dreſt early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the reſt of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to aſſemble in the morning at breakfaſt, down came my wife and daughters, dreſt out in all their former ſplendour: their hair plaiſtered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taſte, their trains bundled up into an heap behind, and ruſtling at every motion. I could not help ſmiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more diſcretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only reſource was to order my ſon, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more ſolemnity than before.——"Surely, my "dear, you jeſt," cried my wife, "we can "walk it perfectly well: we want no "coach to carry us now." "You miſ-"take, child," returned I, "we do want "a coach; for if we walk to church in "this trim, the very children in the pariſh "will

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" will hoot after us for a ſhow."——" In-
" deed," replied my wife, " I always ima-
" gined that my Charles was fond of ſee-
" ing his children neat and handſome
" about him."——" You may be as
" neat as you pleaſe," interrupted I, " and
" I ſhall love you the better for it; but
" all this is not neatneſs, but frippery.
" Theſe rufflings, and pinkings, and patch-
" ings, will only make us hated by all the
" wives of all our neighbours. No, my
" children," continued I, more gravely,
" thoſe gowns may be altered into ſome-
" thing of a plainer cut; for finery
" very unbecoming in us, who want the
" means of decency. I don't know whe-
" ther ſuch flouncing and ſhredding is be-
" coming even in the rich, if we conſider,
" upon a moderate calculation, that the
" nakedneſs of the indigent world may be
" cloathed from the trimmings of the
" vain."

This remonſtrance had the proper effect; they went with great compoſure, that

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that very inſtant, to change their dreſs; and the next day I had the ſatisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own requeſt employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waiſtcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones, and what was ſtill more ſatisfactory, the gowns ſeemed improved by being thus curtailed.

CHAP.

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CHAP. V.

A new and great acquaintance introduced. *What we place moſt hopes upon, generally proves moſt fatal.*

AT a ſmall diſtance from the houſe my predeceſſor had made a ſeat, overſhaded by an hedge of hawthorn and honeyſuckle. Here, when the weather was fine, and our labour ſoon finiſhed, we uſually all ſate together, to enjoy an extenſive landſckape, in the calm of the evening. Here too we drank tea, which now was become an occaſional banquet; and as we had it but ſeldom, it diffuſed a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no ſmall ſhare of buſtle and ceremony. On theſe occaſions, our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly ſerved after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amuſements, the girls ſung

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ſung to the guitar; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would ſtroll down the ſloping field, that was embelliſhed with blue bells and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner we began to find that every ſituation in life might bring its own peculiar pleaſures: every morning waked us to a repetition of toil; but the evening repaid it with vacant hilarity.

It was about the beginning of autumn, on a holiday, for I kept ſuch as intervals of relaxation from labour, that I had drawn out my family to our uſual place of amuſement, and our young muſicians began their uſual concert. As we were thus engaged, we ſaw a ſtag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were ſitting, and by its panting, it ſeemed preſt by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's diſtreſs, when

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when we perceived the dogs and horſemen come ſweeping along at ſome diſtance behind, and making the very path it had taken. I was inſtantly for returning in with my family; but either curioſity or surprize, or ſome more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their ſeats. The huntſman, who rode foremoſt, paſt us with great ſwiftneſs, followed by four or five perſons more, who ſeemed in equal haſte. At laſt, a young gentleman of a more genteel appearance than the reſt, came forward, and for a while regarding us, inſtead of purſuing the chace, ſtopt ſhort, and giving his horſe to a ſervant who attended, approached us with a careleſs ſuperior air. He ſeemed to want no introduction, but was going to ſalute my daughters as one certain of a kind reception; but they had early learnt the leſſon of looking preſumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was owner of the eſtate that lay for ſome extent round us. He again, therefore, offered to ſalute the female

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male part of the family, and ſuch was the power of fortune and fine cloaths, that he found no ſecond repulſe. As his addreſs, though confident, was eaſy, we ſoon became more familiar; and perceiving muſical inſtruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a ſong. As I did not approve of ſuch diſproportioned acquaintances, I winked upon my daughters in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother; ſo that with a chearful air they gave us a favourite ſong of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill ſeemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himſelf. He played but very indifferently; however, my eldeſt daughter repaid his former applauſe with intereſt, and aſſured him that his tones were louder than even thoſe of her maſter. At this compliment he bowed, which ſhe returned with a curteſy. He praiſed her taſte, and ſhe commended his underſtanding: an age could not have made them better acquainted. While the fond mother too, equally happy,

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happy, inſiſted upon her landlord's ſtepping in, and taſting a glaſs of her gooſeberry. The whole family ſeemed earneſt to pleaſe him: my girls attempted to entertain him with topics they thought moſt modern, while Moſes, on the contrary, gave him a queſtion or two from the ancients, for which he had the ſatisfaction of being laughed at; for he always aſcribed to his wit that laughter which was laviſhed at his ſimplicity: my little ones were no leſs buſy, and fondly ſtuck cloſe to the ſtranger. All my endeavours could ſcarce keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarniſhing the lace on his cloaths, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket holes, to ſee what was there. At the approach of evening he took leave; but not till he had requeſted permiſſion to renew his viſit, which, as he was our landlord, we moſt readily agreed to.

As ſoon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion, that it was a moſt fortunate

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nate hit; for that ſhe had known even ſtranger things at laſt brought to bear. She hoped again to ſee the day in which we might hold up our heads with the beſt of them; and concluded, ſhe proteſted ſhe could ſee no reaſon why the two Miſs Wrinklers ſhould marry great fortunes, and her children get none. As this laſt argument was directed to me, I proteſted I could ſee no reaſon for it neither, nor why one got the ten thouſand pound prize in the lottery. and another ſate down with a blank. "But thoſe," added I, "who either aim at "huſbands greater than themſelves, or at "the ten thouſand pound prize, have been "fools for their ridiculous claims, whether "ſucceſsful or not." "I proteſt, Charles," cried my wife, "this is the way you always "damp my girls and me when we are in "Spirits. Tell me, Sophy, my dear, what "do you think of our new viſitor? Don't "you think he ſeemed to be good-"natured?"——"Immenſely ſo, indeed, "Mamma," replied ſhe. "I think he "has a great deal to ſay upon every "thing

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" thing, and is never at a loſs; and the " more trifling the ſubject, the more he " has to ſay; and what is more, I proteſt " he is very handſome."——" Yes," cried Olivia, " he is well enough for a man; " but for my part, I don't much like him, " he is ſo extremely impudent and fami- " liar; but on the guitar he is ſhocking." Theſe two laſt ſpeeches I interpreted by contraries. I found by this, that Sophia internally deſpiſed, as much as Olivia ſe- cretly admired him.——" Whatever may " be your opinions of him, my children," cried I, " to confeſs a truth, he has not " prepoſſeſt me in his favour. Diſpropor- " tioned friendſhips ever terminate in diſ- " guſt; and I thought, notwithſtanding all " his eaſe, that he ſeemed perfectly ſenſible " of the diſtance between us. Let us " keep to companions of our own rank. " There is no character among men more " contemptible than that of a fortune- " hunter, and I can ſee no reaſon why " fortune-hunting women ſhould not be " contemptible too. Thus, at beſt, it will " be

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" be contempt if his views are honoura-
" ble; but if they are otherwiſe! I ſhould
" ſhudder but to think of that; for though
" I have no apprehenſions from the con-
" duct of my children, I think there are
" ſome from his character."———I would have proceeded, but for the interruption of a ſervant from the 'Squire, who, with his compliments, ſent us a ſide of veniſon, and a promiſe to dine with us ſome days after. This well-timed preſent pleaded more powerfully in his favour, than any thing I had to ſay could obviate. I therefore continued ſilent, ſatisfied with juſt having pointed out danger, and leaving it to their own diſcretion to avoid it. That virtue which requires to be ever guarded, is ſcarce worth the centinel.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VI.

The happineſs of a country fire-ſide.

AS we carried on the former diſpute with ſome degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was univerſally concluded upon, that we ſhould have a part of the veniſon for ſupper, and the girls undertook the taſk with alacrity. "I "am ſorry," cried I, "that we have no "neighbour or ſtranger to take a part in "this good cheer: feaſts of this kind ac-"quire a double reliſh from hoſpitality."— "Bleſs me," cried my wife, "here comes "our good friend Mr. Burchell, that ſaved "our Sophia, and that run you down fairly "in the argument."——"Confute me in "argument, child!" cried I. "You miſtake "there, my dear. I believe there are but "few that can do that: I never diſpute

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" your abilities at making a gooſe-pye, and " I beg you'll leave argument to me."—— As I ſpoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered the houſe, and was welcomed by the family, who ſhook him heartily by the hand, while little Dick officiouſly reached him a chair.

I was pleaſed with the poor man's friendſhip for two reaſons; becauſe I knew that he wanted mine, and I knew him to be friendly as far as he was able. He was known in our neighbourhood by the character of the poor Gentleman that would do no good when he was young, though he was not yet above thirty. He would at intervals talk with great good ſenſe; but in general he was fondeſt of the company of children, whom he uſed to call harmleſs little men. He was famous, I found, for ſinging them ballads, and telling them ſtories; and ſeldom went without ſomething in his pockets for them, a piece of gingerbread, or a halfpenny whiſtle. He generally came into our neighbourhood once a year,

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year, and lived upon the neighbours hoſpitality. He ſate down to ſupper among us, and my wife was not ſparing of her gooſeberry wine. The tale went round; he ſung us old ſongs, and gave the children the ſtory of the Buck of Beverland, with the hiſtory of Patient Griſſel. The adventures of Catſkin next entertained them, and then Fair Roſamond's bower. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repoſe; but an unforeſeen difficulty ſtarted about lodging the ſtranger: all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to ſend him to the next alehouſe. In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moſes would let him lie with him; "And I," cried Bill, "will give Mr. "Burchell my part, if my ſiſters will take "me to theirs."——"Well done, my good "children," cried I, "hoſpitality is one "of the firſt chriſtian duties. The beaſt "retires to its ſhelter, and the bird flies to "its neſt; but helpleſs man can only find "refuge from his fellow creature. The

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" greateſt ſtranger in this world, was he " that came to ſave it. He never had an " houſe, as if willing to ſee what hoſpita- " lity was left remaining amongſt us. " Deborah, my dear," cried I, to my wife, " give thoſe boys a lump of ſugar each, " and let Dick's be the largeſt, becauſe he " ſpoke firſt."

In the morning early I called out my whole family to help at ſaving an after-growth of hay, and our gueſt offering his aſſiſtance, he was accepted among the number. Our labours went on lightly, we turned the ſwath to the wind, I went foremoſt, and the reſt followed in due ſucceſſion. I could not avoid, however, obſerving the aſſiduity of Mr. Burchell in aſſiſting my daughter Sophia in her part of the taſk. When he had finiſhed his own, he would join in her's, and enter into a cloſe converſation: but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's underſtanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneaſineſs from a man of broken fortune. When

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When we were finiſhed for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited as on the night before; but he refuſed, as he was to lie that night at a neighbour's, to whoſe child he was carrying a whiſtle. When gone, our converſation at ſupper turned upon our late unfortunate gueſt. "What a ſtrong inſtance," ſaid I, "is that poor man of the "miſeries attending a youth of levity and "extravagance. He by no means wants "ſenſe, which only ſerves to aggravate his "former folly. Poor forlorn creature, "where are now the revellers, the flatterers, "that he could once inſpire and com-"mand! Gone, perhaps, to attend the "bagnio pander, grown rich by his extra-"vagance. They once praiſed him, and "now they applaud the pander: their for-"mer raptures at his wit, are now convert-"ed into ſarcaſms at his folly: he is poor, "and perhaps deſerves poverty; for he "has neither the ambition to be in-"dependent, nor the ſkill to be uſeful." Prompted, perhaps, by ſome ſecret reaſons,

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I delivered this obſervation with too much acrimony, which my Sophia gently reproved. "Whatſoever his former conduct may "be, pappa, his circumſtances ſhould exempt him from cenſure now. His preſent indigence is a ſufficient puniſhment "for former folly; and I have heard my "pappa himſelf ſay, that we ſhould never "ſtrike our unneceſſary blow at a victim "over whom providence already holds the "ſcourge of its reſentment."——"You "are right, Sophy," cried my ſon Moſes, "and one of the ancients finely repreſents "ſo malicious a conduct, by the attempts "of a ruſtic to flay Marſyas, whoſe ſkin, "the fable tells us, had been wholly ſtript "off by another. Beſides, I don't know "if this poor man's ſituation be ſo bad as "my father would repreſent it. We are "not to judge of the feelings of others by "what we might feel if in their place. "However dark the habitation of the mole "to our eyes, yet the animal itſelf finds "the apartment ſufficiently lightſome. And

"to

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" to confeſs a truth, this man's mind ſeems " fitted to his ſtation; for I never heard " any one more ſprightly than he was to- " day, when he converſed with you."—— This was ſaid without the leaſt deſign, however it excited a bluſh, which ſhe ſtrove to cover by an affected laugh, aſſuring him, that ſhe ſcarce took any notice of what he ſaid to her; but that ſhe believed he might once have been a very fine gentleman. The readineſs with which ſhe undertook to vindicate herſelf, and her bluſhing, were ſymptoms I did not internally approve; but I repreſt my ſuſpicions.

As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife went to make the veniſon paſty: Moſes ſate reading, while I taught the little ones: my daughters ſeemed equally buſy with the reſt; and I obſerved them for a good while cooking ſomething over the fire. I at firſt ſuppoſed they were aſſiſting their mother; but little Dick informed me in a whiſper, that they were making a *waſh* for the face.

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Waſhes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to; for I knew that inſtead of mending the complexion they ſpoiled it. I therefore approached my chair by ſly degrees to the fire, and graſping the poker, as if it wanted mending, ſeemingly by accident, overturned the whole compoſition, and it was too late to begin another.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VII.

A town wit deſcribed. The dulleſt fellows may learn to be comical for a night or two.

WHEN the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be eaſily ſuppoſed what proviſions were exhauſted to make an appearance. It may alſo be conjectured that my wife and daughters expanded their gayeſt plumage upon this occaſion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The ſervants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next ale-houſe: but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, inſiſted on entertaining them all; for which, by the bye, the family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us the day be-

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fore, that he was making ſome propoſals of marriage to Miſs Wilmot, my ſon George's former miſtreſs, this a good deal damped the heartineſs of his reception: but accident, in ſome meaſure, relieved our embarraſment; for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill obſerved with an oath, that he never knew any thing more abſurd than calling ſuch a fright a beauty: "For ſtrike me "ugly," continued he, "if I ſhould not find "as much pleaſure in chooſing my miſtreſs "by the information of a lamp under the "clock at St. Dunſtan's." At this he laughed, and ſo did we:—the jeſts of the rich are ever ſucceſsful. Olivia too could not avoid whiſpering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner, I began with my uſual toaſt, the Church; for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he ſaid the church was the only miſtreſs of his affections.—— "Come tell us honeſtly, Frank," ſaid the 'Squire,

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'Squire, with his uſual archneſs, " ſuppoſe " the church, your preſent miſtreſs, dreſt " in lawn ſleeves, on one hand, and " Miſs Sophia, with no lawn about her, " on the other, which would you be for?" " For both, to be ſure," cried the chaplain.—" Right Frank," cried the 'Squire; " for may this glaſs ſuffocate me but a fine " girl is worth all the prieſtcraft in the na- " tion. For what are tythes and tricks but " an impoſition, all a confounded impoſ- " ture, and I can prove it."——" I wiſh " you would," cried my ſon Moſes, " and " I think," continued he, " that I ſhould be " able to combat in the oppoſition."—— " Very well, Sir," cried the 'Squire, who immediately ſmoaked him, and winking on the reſt of the company, to prepare us for the ſport, " if you are for a cool argument " upon that ſubject, I am ready to accept " the challenge. And firſt, whether are " you for managing it analogically, or di- " alogically?" " I am for managing it " rationally," cried Moſes, quite happy at being permited to diſpute. " Good

" again,"

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" again," cried the 'Squire, " and firſtly, of " the firſt. I hope you'll not deny that " whatever is is. If you don't grant me " that, I can go no further."——Why," returned Moſes, " I think I may grant " that, and make the beſt of it."——— " I hope too," returned the other, " you'll " grant that a part is leſs than the whole." " I grant that too," cried Moſes, " it is but " juſt and reaſonable."——" I hope," cried the 'Squire, you will not deny, " that the " two angles of a triangle are equal to two " right ones."—" Nothing can be plainer," returned t'other, and looked round with his uſual importance.——" Very well," cried the 'Squire, ſpeaking very quick, " the " premiſes being thus ſettled, I proceed to " obſerve, that the concatanation of ſelf " exiſtences, proceeding in a reciprocal " duplicate ratio, naturally produce a pro- " blematical dialogiſm, which in ſome " meaſure proves that the eſſence of ſpiri- " tuality may be referred to the ſecond " predicable"——" Hold, hold," cried the other, " I deny that: Do you think I can " thus

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" thus tamely ſubmit to ſuch heterodox doctrines?"——" What," replied the 'Squire, as if in a paſſion, " not ſubmit! " Anſwer me one plain queſtion: Do you " think Ariſtotle right when he ſays, that " relatives are related?" " Undoubtedly," replied the other.——" If ſo then," cried the 'Squire, " anſwer me directly to what I " propoſe: Whether do you judge the " analytical inveſtigation of the firſt part " of my enthymem deficient ſecundum " quoad, or quoad minus, and give me your " reaſons too: give me your reaſons, I ſay, " directly."——" I proteſt," cried Moſes, " I don't rightly comprehend the force of " your reaſoning; but if it be reduced to " one ſimple propoſition, I fancy it may " then have an anſwer,"——" O, ſir," cried the 'Squire, " I am your moſt humble ſer- " vant, I find you want me to furniſh you " with argument and intellects both. No, " ſir, there I proteſt you are too hard for " me." This effectually raiſed the laugh againſt poor Moſes, who ſate the only diſ-

mal

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mal figure in a groupe of merry faces: nor did he offer a ſingle ſyllable more during the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleaſure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who miſtook this humour, which was a mere act of the memory, for real wit. She thought him therefore a very fine gentleman; and ſuch as conſider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine cloaths, and fortune, are in that character, will eaſily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithſtanding his real ignorance, talked with eaſe, and could expatiate upon the common topics of converſation with fluency. It is not ſurpriſing then that ſuch talents ſhould win the affections of a girl, who by education was taught to value an appearance in herſelf, and conſequently to ſet a value upon it when found in another.

Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and con-

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converſation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that ſhe was the object that induced him to be our viſitor. Nor did ſhe ſeem to be much diſpleaſed at the innocent raillery of her brother and ſiſter upon this occaſion. Even Deborah herſelf ſeemed to ſhare the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory as if it were her own. "And now, my dear," cried ſhe to me, "I'll fairly own, that it "was I that inſtructed my girls to encou- "rage our landlord's addreſſes. I had al- "ways ſome ambition, and you now ſee "that I was right; for who knows how "this may end?" "Ay, who knows that "indeed," anſwered I, with a groan: "for "my part I don't much like it; and I could "have been better pleaſed with one that "was poor and honeſt, than this fine gen- "tleman with his fortune and infidelity; "for depend on't, if he be what I ſuſpect "him, no free-thinker ſhall ever have a "child of mine.

"Sure,

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" Sure, father," cried Moſes, " you are " too ſevere in this; for heaven will never " arraign him for what he thinks, but for " what he does. Every man has a thou- " ſand vicious thoughts, which ariſe with- " out his power to ſuppreſs. Thinking " freely of religion, may be involuntary " with this gentleman: ſo that allowing " his ſentiments to be wrong, yet as he is " purely paſſive in their reception, he is " no more to be blamed for their incur- " ſions than the governor of a city without " walls for the ſhelter he is obliged to af- " ford an invading enemy."

" True, my ſon," cried I; " but if the " governor invites the enemy, there he is " juſtly culpable. And ſuch is always the " caſe with thoſe who embrace error. The " vice does not lie in aſſenting to the " proofs they ſee; but in being blind to " many of the proofs that offer. Like " corrupt judges on a bench, they deter- " mine right on that part of the evidence " they hear; but they will not hear all the " evi-

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" evidence. Thus, my ſon, though our " erroneous opinions be involuntary when " formed, yet as we have been wilfully " corrupt, or very negligent in forming " them, we deſerve puniſhment for our " vice, or contempt for our folly."

My wife now kept up the converſation, though not the argument: ſhe obſerved, that ſeveral very prudent men of our acquaintance were free-thinkers, and made very good huſbands; and ſhe knew ſome ſenſible girls that had ſkill enough to make converts of their ſpouſes: " And who " knows, my dear," continued ſhe, " what " Olivia may be able to do. The girl has " a great deal to ſay upon every ſubject, " and to my knowledge is very well ſkilled " in controverſy."

" Why, my dear, what controverſy can " ſhe have read?" cried I. " It does not " occur to my memory that I ever put " ſuch books into her hands: you certainly " over-rate her merit." " Indeed, pappa," replied

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replied Olivia, "ſhe does not: I have read "a great deal of controverſy. I have read "the diſputes between Thwackum and "Square; the controverſy between Robin-"ſon Cruſoe and Friday the ſavage, and I "am now employed in reading the contro-"verſy in Religious courtſhip."——"Very "well," cried I, "that's a good girl, I find "you are perfectly qualified for making "converts, and ſo go help your mother to "make the gooſeberry-pye."

CHAP.

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CHAP. VIII.

An amour, which promiſes little good fortune, yet may be productive of much.

THE next morning we were again viſited by Mr. Burchell, though I began, for certain reaſons, to be diſpleaſed with the frequency of his return; but I could not refuſe him my company and fire-ſide. It is true his labour more than requited his entertainment; for he wrought among us with vigour, and either in the meadow or at the hay-rick put himſelf foremoſt. Beſides, he had always ſomething amuſing to ſay that leſſened our toil, and was at once ſo out of the way, and yet ſo ſenſible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only diſlike aroſe from an attachment he diſcovered to my daughter: he would, in a jeſting manner, call

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call her his little miſtreſs, and when he bought each of the girls a ſet of ribbands, hers was the fineſt. I knew not how, but he every day ſeemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his ſimplicity to aſſume the ſuperior airs of wiſdom.

Our family dined in the field, and we ſate, or rather reclined, round a temperate repaſt, our cloth ſpread upon the hay, while Mr. Burchell ſeemed to give chearfulneſs to the feaſt. To heighten our ſatisfaction two blackbirds anſwered each other from oppoſite hedges, the familiar redbreaſt came and pecked the crumbs from our hands, and every ſound ſeemed but the echo of tranquillity. "I never ſit "thus," ſays Sophia, "but I think of the "two lovers, ſo ſweetly deſcribed by Mr. "Gay, who were ſtruck dead in each "other's arms under a barley mow. There "is ſomething ſo pathetic in the deſcrip- "tion, that I have read it an hundred "times with new rapture."——"In my "opinion," cried my ſon, "the fineſt "ſtrokes

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" ſtrokes in that deſcription are much " below thoſe in the Acis and Galatea of " Ovid. The Roman poet underſtands the " uſe of *contraſt* better, and upon that figure " artfully managed all ſtrength in the pathe- " tic depends."—" It is remarkable," cried Mr. Burchell, " that both the poets you " mention have equally contributed to in- " troduce a falſe taſte into their reſpective " countries, by loading all their lines with " epithet. Men of little genius found " them moſt eaſily imitated in their defects, " and Engliſh poetry, like that in the latter ' empire of Rome, is nothing at preſent but ' a combination of luxuriant images, with- ' out plot or connexion; a ſtring of epithets " that improve the ſound, without carrying " on the ſenſe. But perhaps, madam, while " I thus reprehend others, you'll think it " juſt that I ſhould give them an opportu- " nity to retaliate, and indeed I have made " this remark only to have an opportunity " of introducing to the company a " ballad, which, whatever be its other " defects,

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" defects, is I think at leaſt free from thoſe
" I have mentioned."

A BALLAD.

" TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
" And guide my lonely way,
" To where yon taper cheers the vale,
" With hoſpitable ray.

" For here forlorn and loſt I tread,
" With fainting ſteps and ſlow;
" Where wilds immeaſurably ſpread,
" Seem lengthening as I go."

" Forbear, my ſon," the hermit cries,
" To tempt the dangerous gloom;
" For yonder phantom only flies
" To lure thee to thy doom.

" Here to the houſeleſs child of want,
" My door is open ſtill;
" And tho' my portion is but ſcant,
" I give it with good will.

Then

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" Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
" Whate'er my cell beſtows;
" My ruſhy couch, and frugal fare,
" My bleſſing and repoſe.

" No flocks that range the valley free,
" To ſlaughter I condemn:
" Taught by that power that pities me,
" I learn to pity them.

" But from the mountain's graſſy ſide,
" A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
" A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
" And water from the ſpring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
" For earth-born cares are wrong:
" Man wants but little here below,
" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n deſcends,
His gentle accents fell:
The grateful ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

" Within

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Far ſhelter'd in a glade obſcure
The modeſt manſion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The door juſt opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now when worldly crowds retire
To revels or to reſt,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt:

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gayly preſt, and ſmil'd;
And ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But

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But nothing could a charm impart
To ſooth the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the hermit ſpy'd,
With anſwering care oppreſt:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

"From better habitations ſpurn'd,
"Reluctant doſt thou rove;
"Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
"Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
"Are trifling and decay;
"And thoſe who prize the paltry things,
"More trifling ſtill than they.

"And what is friendſhip but a name,
"A charm that lulls to ſleep;
"A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
"But leaves the wretch to weep?

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" And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
" The haughty fair one's jeſt:
" On earth unſeen, or only found
" To warm the turtle's neſt.

" For ſhame fond youth thy ſorrows huſh,
" And ſpurn the ſex," he ſaid:
But while he ſpoke a riſing bluſh
The baſhful gueſt betray'd.

He ſees unnumber'd beauties riſe,
Expanding to the view;
Like clouds that deck the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.

Her looks, her lips, her panting breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms:
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid in all her charms.

" And, ah, forgive a ſtranger rude,
" A wretch forlorn," ſhe cry'd;
" Whoſe feet unhallowed thus intrude
" Where heaven and you reſide.

" But

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" But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
" Whom love has taught to ſtray ;
" Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
" Companion of her way.

" My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
" A wealthy Lord was he ;
" And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
" He had but only me.

" To win me from his tender arms,
" Unnumber'd ſuitors came ;
" Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
" And felt or feign'd a flame.

" Each morn the gay phantaſtic crowd,
" With richeſt proffers ſtrove :
" Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
" But never talk'd of love.

" In humble ſimpleſt habit clad,
" No wealth nor power had he ;
" A conſtant heart was all he had,
" But that was all to me.

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" The bloſſom opening to the day,
" The dews of heaven refin'd,
" Could nought of purity diſplay,
" To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the bloſſom on the tree,
" With charms inconſtant ſhine;
" Their charms were his, but woe to me,
" Their conſtancy was mine.

" For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
" Importunate and vain;
" And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
" I triumph'd in his pain.

" Till quite dejected with my ſcorn,
" He left me to my pride;
" And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
" In ſecret where he died.

" But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
" And well my life ſhall pay;
" I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
" And ſtretch me where he lay.

And

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" And there forlorn deſpairing hid,
" I'll lay me down and die:
" 'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
" And ſo for him will I."

" Thou ſhalt not thus," the hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt:
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
" My charmer, turn to ſee,
" Thy own, thy long-loſt Edwin here,
" Reſtor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
" And ev'ry care reſign:
" And ſhall we never, never part,
" O thou—my all that's mine.

" No, never, from this hour to part,
" We'll live and love ſo true;
" The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
" Shall break thy Edwin's too."

This

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While this ballad was reading, Sophia ſeemed to mix an air of tenderneſs with her approbation. But our tranquillity was ſoon diſturbed by the report of a gun juſt by us, and immediately after a man was ſeen burſting through the hedge, to take up the game he had killed. This ſportſman was the 'Squire's chaplain, who had ſhot one of the blackbirds that ſo agreeably entertained us. So loud a report, and ſo near, ſtartled my daughters; and I could perceive that Sophia in the fright had thrown herſelf into Mr. Burchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and aſked pardon for having diſturbed us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being ſo near. He therefore ſate down by my youngeſt daughter, and, ſportſman like, offered her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuſe, but a private look from her mother ſoon induced her to correct the miſtake, and accept his preſent, though with ſome reluctance. My wife, as uſual, diſcovered her pride in a whiſper, obſerving, that Sophy had made

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made a conqueſt of the chaplain, as well as her ſiſter had of the 'Squire. I ſuſpected, however, with more probability, that her affections were placed upon a different object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us, that Mr. Thornhill had provided muſic and refreſhments, and intended that night giving the young ladies a ball by moonlight, on the graſs-plot before our door. "Nor can I deny," continued he, "but I "have an intereſt in being firſt to deliver "this meſſage, as I expect for my reward "to be honoured with miſs Sophy's hand "as a partner." To this my girl replied, that ſhe ſhould have no objection, if ſhe could do it with honour: "But here," continued ſhe, "is a gentleman," looking at Mr. Burchell, "who has been my com-"panion in the taſk for the day, and it is "fit he ſhould ſhare in its amuſements." Mr. Burchell returned her a compliment for her intentions; but reſigned her up to the chaplain, adding that he was to go that night five miles, being invited

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to an harveſt ſupper. His refuſal appeared to me a little extraordinary, nor could I conceive how ſo ſenſible a girl as my youngeſt, could thus prefer a middle aged man of broken fortune to a ſprightly young fellow of twenty-two. But as men are moſt capable of diſtinguiſhing merit in women, ſo the ladies often form the trueſt judgments upon us. The two ſexes ſeem placed as ſpies upon each other, and are furniſhed with different abilities, adapted for mutual inſpection.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IX.

Two ladies of great diſtinction introduced. Superior finery ever ſeems to confer ſuperior breeding.

MR. Burchell had ſcarce taken leave, and Sophia conſented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us that the 'Squire was come, with a crowd of company. Upon our return, we found our landlord, with a couple of under gentlemen and two young ladies richly dreſt, whom he introduced as women of very great diſtinction and faſhion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company; but Mr. Thornhill immediately propoſed that every gentleman ſhould ſit in a lady's lap.

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This I poſitively objected to, notwithſtanding a look of diſapprobation from my wife. Moſes was therefore diſpatched to borrow a couple of chairs; and as we were in want of ladies alſo to make up a ſet at country dances, the two gentlemen went with him in queſt of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were ſoon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's roſy daughters, flaunting with red top-knots. But there was an unlucky circumſtance which was not adverted to; though the Miſs Flamboroughs were reckoned the very beſt dancers in the pariſh, and underſtood the jig and the round-about to perfection; yet they were totally unacquainted with country dances. This at firſt diſcompoſed us: however, after a little ſhoving and dragging, they began to go merrily on. Our muſic conſiſted of two fiddles, with a pipe and tabor. The moon ſhone bright Mr. Thornhill and my eldeſt daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the ſpec-

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ſpectators; for the neighbours hearing what was going forward, came flocking about us. My girl moved with ſo much grace and vivacity, that my wife could not avoid diſcovering the pride of her heart, by aſſuring me, that though the little chit did it ſo cleverly, all the ſteps were ſtolen from herſelf. The ladies of the town ſtrove hard to be equally eaſy, but without ſucceſs. They ſwam, ſprawled, languiſhed, and friſked; but all would not do: the gazers indeed owned that it was fine; but neighbour Flamborough obſerved, that Miſs Livy's feet ſeemed as pat to the muſic as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehenſive of catching cold, moved to break up the ball. One of them, I thought, expreſſed her ſentiments upon this occaſion in a very coarſe manner, when ſhe obſerved, that by the *living jingo*, ſhe was all of a muck of ſweat. Upon our return to the houſe, we found a very elegant cold ſupper, which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought with

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with him. The converſation at this time was more reſerved than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the ſhade; for they would talk of nothing but high life, and high lived company; with other faſhionable topics, ſuch as pictures, taſte, Shakeſpear, and the muſical glaſſes. 'Tis true they once or twice mortified us ſenſibly by ſlipping out an oath; but that appeared to me as the ſureſt ſymptom of their diſtinction, (tho' I am ſince informed ſwearing is now perfectly unfaſhionable.) Their finery, however, threw a veil over any groſſneſs in their converſation. My daughters ſeemed to regard their ſuperior accompliſhments with envy; and what appeared amiſs was aſcribed to tip-top quality breeding. But the condeſcenſion of the ladies was ſtill ſuperior to their other accompliſhments. One of them obſerved, that had miſs Olivia ſeen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. To which the other added, that a ſingle winter in town would make her little Sophia quite another thing. My wife warmly aſſented to both; adding, that

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that there was nothing ſhe more ardently wiſhed than to give her girls a ſingle winter's poliſhing. To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already ſuperior to their fortune; and that greater refinement would only ſerve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taſte for pleaſures they had no right to poſſeſs.——"And what pleaſures," cried Mr. Thornhill, "do they not deſerve, who "have ſo much in their power to beſtow? "As for my part," continued he, "my "fortune is pretty large, love, liberty, and "pleaſure, are my maxims; but curſe me if "a ſettlement of half my eſtate could give "my charming Olivia pleaſure, it ſhould "be hers; and the only favour I would "aſk in return would be to add myſelf to "the benefit." I was not ſuch a ſtranger to the world as to be ignorant that this was the faſhionable cant to diſguiſe the inſolence of the baſeſt propoſal; but I made an effort to ſuppreſs my reſentment. "Sir," cried I, "the family which you now con-

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" deſcend to favour with your company, " has been bred with as nice a ſenſe of " honour as you. Any attempts to injure " that, may be attended with very dange- " rous conſequences. Honour, Sir, is our " only poſſeſſion at preſent, and of that " laſt treaſure we muſt be particularly " careful."———I was ſoon ſorry for the warmth with which I had ſpoken this, when the young gentleman, graſping my hand, ſwore he commended my ſpirit, though he diſapproved my ſuſpicions. " As to " your preſent hint," continued he, I proteſt " nothing was farther from my heart than " ſuch a thought. No, by all that's tempt- " ing, the virtue that will ſtand a regular " ſiege was never to my taſte; for all " my amours are carried by a coup de " main."

The two ladies, who affected to be ignorant of the reſt, ſeemed highly diſpleaſed with this laſt ſtroke of freedom, and began a very diſcreet and ſerious dialogue upon

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upon virtue: in this my wife, the chaplain, and I, ſoon joined; and the 'Squire himſelf was at laſt brought to confeſs a ſenſe of ſorrow for his former exceſſes. We talked of the pleaſures of temperance, and the ſun-ſhine in the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was well pleaſed that my little ones were kept up beyond the uſual time to be edified by ſuch good converſation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the propoſal, and in this manner the night was paſſed in a moſt comfortable way, till at laſt the company began to think of returning. The ladies ſeemed very unwilling to part from my daughters; for whom they had conceived a particular affection, and joined in a requeſt to have the pleaſure of their company home. The 'Squire ſeconded the propoſal, and my wife added her entreaties: the girls too looked upon me as if they wiſhed to go. In this perplexity I made

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made two or three excuſes, which my daughters as readily removed; ſo that at laſt I was obliged to give a peremptory refuſal; for which we had nothing but ſullen looks and ſhort anſwers the whole day enſuing.

CHAP.

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CHAP. X.

The family endeavours to cope with their betters. The miſeries of the poor when they attempt to appear above their circumſtances.

I Now began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, ſimplicity, and contentment, were entirely diſregarded. The diſtinctions lately paid us by our betters awaked that pride which I had laid aſleep, but not removed. Our windows now again, as formerly, were filled with waſhes for the neck and face. The ſun was dreaded as an enemy to the ſkin without doors, and the fire as a ſpoiler of the complexion within. My wife obſerved, that riſing too early would hurt her daughter's eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noſes, and convinced me that the

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the hands never looked ſo white as when they did nothing. Inſtead therefore of finiſhing George's ſhirts, we now had them new modelling their old gauzes, or flouriſhing upon catgut. The poor Miſs Flamboroughs, their former gay companions, were caſt off as mean acquaintance, and the whole converſation ran upon high life and high lived company, with pictures, taſte, Shakeſpear, and the muſical glaſſes.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gypſey come to raiſe us into perfect ſublimity. The tawny ſybil no ſooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a ſhilling a piece to croſs her hand with ſilver. To ſay the truth, I was tired of being always wiſe, and could not help gratifying their requeſt, becauſe I loved to ſee them happy. I gave each of them a ſhilling; though, for the honour of the family, it muſt be obſerved, that they never went without money themſelves, as my wife always generouſly let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pockets; but with ſtrict injunctions

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injunctions never to change it. After they had been cloſetted up with the fortune-teller for ſome time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promiſed ſomething great.——"Well, my "girls, how have you ſped? Tell me, "Livy, has the fortune-teller given thee a "pennyworth?"——"I proteſt, pappa," ſays the girl, with a ſerious face, "I be-"lieve ſhe deals with ſome body that's not "right; for ſhe poſitively declared, that "I am to be married to a great 'Squire in "leſs than a twelvemonth?"——"Well "now, Sophy, my child," ſaid I, "and "what ſort of a huſband are you to have?" "Sir," replied ſhe, "I am to have a Lord "ſoon after my ſiſter has been married to "the 'Squire."——How," cried I, "is that "all you are to have for your two ſhil-"lings! Only a Lord and a 'Squire for "two ſhillings! You fools, I could have "promiſed you a Prince and a Nabob for "half the money."

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This curioſity of theirs, however, was attended with very ſerious effects: we now began to think ourſelves deſigned by the ſtars for ſomething exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thouſand times obſerved, and I muſt obſerve it once more, that the hours we paſs with happy proſpects in view, are more pleaſing than thoſe crowned with fruition. In the firſt caſe we cook the diſh to our own appetite; in the latter nature cooks it for us. It is impoſſible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more riſing; and as the whole pariſh aſſerted that the 'Squire was in love with my daughter, ſhe was actually ſo with him; for they perſuaded her into paſſion. In this agreeable interval, my wife had the moſt lucky dreams in the world, which ſhe took care to tell us every morning, with great ſolemnity and exactneſs. It was one night a coffin and croſs bones,

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bones, the ſign of an approaching wedding: at another time ſhe imagined her daughter's pockets filled with farthings, a certain ſign of their being one day ſtuffed with gold. The girls had their omens too: they felt ſtrange kiſſes on their lips; they ſaw rings in the candle, purſes bounced from the fire, and true love-knots lurked at the bottom of every tea-cup.

Towards the end of the week we received a card from the town ladies; in which, with their compliments, they hoped to ſee all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in conſequence of this, my wife and daughters in cloſe conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be ſincere, I had ſtrong ſuſpicions that ſome abſurd propoſal was preparing for appearing with ſplendor the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the

" ſiege.

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ſiege. After tea, when I ſeemed in ſpirits, ſhe began thus.——"I fancy, Charles, my dear, "we ſhall have a great deal of good compa- "ny at our church to-morrow."—"Perhaps "we may, my dear," returned I; though "you need be under no uneaſineſs about "that, you ſhall have a ſermon whether there "be or not."——"That is what I expect," returned ſhe; "but I think, my dear, we "ought to appear there as decently as poſ- "ſible, for who knows what may happen?" "Your precautions," replied I, "are high- "ly commendable. A decent behaviour "and appearance in church is what charms "me. We ſhould be devout and humble, "chearful and ſerene."—"Yes," cried ſhe "I know that; but I mean we ſhould go "there in as proper a manner as poſſible; "not altogether like the ſcrubs about us." "You are quite right, my dear," returned I, "and I was going to make the very "ſame propoſal. The proper manner of "going is, to go there as early as poſſible, "to have time for meditation before the "ſervice

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" ſervice begins."—" Phoo, Charles," interrupted ſhe, " all that is very true; but " not what I would be at. I mean, we " ſhould go there genteelly. You know " the church is two miles off, and I proteſt " I don't like to ſee my daughters trudging " up to their pew all blowzed and red with " walking, and looking for all the world " as if they had been winners at a ſmock " race. Now, my dear, my propoſal is " this: there are our two plow horſes, the " Colt that has been in our family theſe " nine years, and his companion Black- " berry, that have ſcarce done an earthly " thing for this month paſt, and are both " grown fat and lazy. Why ſhould not " they do ſomething as well as we? And " let me tell you, when Moſes has trimmed " them a little, they will not be ſo con- " temptible."

To this propoſal I objected, that walking would be twenty times more genteel than ſuch a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the Colt wanted a tail.

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tail: that they had never been broke to the rein; but had an hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one ſaddle and pillion in the whole houſe. All theſe objections, however, were over-ruled; ſo that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little buſy in collecting ſuch materials as might be neceſſary for the expedition; but as I found it would be a buſineſs of much time, I walked on to the church before, and they promiſed ſpeedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading deſk for their arrival; but not finding them come as expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the ſervice, not without ſome uneaſineſs at finding them abſent. This was encreaſed when all was finiſhed, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horſe-way, which was five miles round, tho' the foot-way was but two, and when got about half way home, perceived the proceſſion marching ſlowly forward towards the church; my ſon, my wife, and the two little

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little ones exalted upon one horſe, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cauſe of their delay; but I ſoon found by their looks they had met with a thouſand misfortunes on the road. The horſes had at firſt refuſed to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next the ſtraps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to ſtop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horſes took it into his head to ſtand ſtill, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was juſt recovering from this diſmal ſituation that I found them; but perceiving every thing ſafe, I own their preſent mortification did not much diſpleaſe me, as it might give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

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CHAP. XI.

The family ſtill reſolve to hold up their heads.

MICHAELMAS eve happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected ſuch an invitation with contempt: however, we ſuffered ourſelves to be happy. Our honeſt neighbour's gooſe and dumplings were fine, and the lamb's-wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoiſeur, was thought excellent. It is true, his manner of telling ſtories was not quite ſo well. They were very long, and very dull, and all about himſelf, and we had laughed at

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them ten times before: however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of ſeeing ſome innocent amuſement going forward, and ſet the boys and girls to blind man's buff. My wife too was perſuaded to join in the diverſion, and it gave me pleaſure to think ſhe was not yet too old. In the mean time, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praiſed our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles ſucceeded next, queſtions and commands followed that, and laſt of all, they ſate down to hunt the ſlipper. As every perſon may not be acquainted with this primæval paſtime, it may be neceſſary to obſerve, that the company at this play plant themſelves in a ring upon the ground, all, except one who ſtands in the middle, whoſe buſineſs it is to catch a ſhoe, which the company ſhove about under their hams from one to another, ſomething like a weaver's ſhuttle. At it is impoſſible, in this caſe, for the lady who is

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is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the ſhoe on that ſide leaſt capable of making a defence. It was in this manner that my eldeſt daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowzed, in ſpirits, and bawling for fair play, fair play, with a voice that might deafen a ballad ſinger, when confuſion on confuſion, who ſhould enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miſs Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs! Deſcription would but b ggar, therefore it is unneceſſary to deſcribe this new mortification Death! To be ſeen by ladies of ſuch high breeding in ſuch vulgar attitudes!. Nothing better could enſue from ſuch a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's propoſing. We ſeemed ſtuck to the ground for ſome time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our houſe to ſee us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneaſy to know

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what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a ſummary way, only ſaying, "We were "thrown from our horſes." At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad: but being informed that we were almoſt killed by the fright, they were vaſtly ſorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaiſance to my daughters; their profeſſions the laſt evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They proteſted a deſire of having a more laſting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miſs Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her ſiſter. They ſupported the converſation between themſelves, while my daughters ſate ſilent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himſelf, is fond

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fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of Lords, Ladies, and Knights of the Garter, I muſt beg leave to give him the concluding part of the preſent converſation.

" All that I know of the matter," cried Miſs Skeggs, " is this, that it may be true, " or it may not be true : but this I can aſ- " ſure your Ladyſhip, that the whole rout " was in amaze ; his Lordſhip turned all " manner of colours, my Lady fell into a " ſwoon ; but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his " ſword, ſwore he was her's to the laſt drop " of his blood."

" Well," replied our Peereſs, " this I " can ſay, that the Dutcheſs never told me " a ſyllable of the matter, and I be- " lieve her Grace would keep nothing a ſe- " cret from me. But this you may de- " pend upon as fact, that the next morn- " ing my Lord Duke cried out three " times to his valet de chambre, Jerni- " gan, Jernigan, Jernigan, bring me my " garters."

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But previouſly I ſhould have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell, who, during this diſcourſe, ſate with his face turned to the fire, and at the concluſion of every ſentence would cry out *fudge*, an expreſſion which diſpleaſed us all, and in ſome meaſure damped the riſing ſpirit of the converſation.

" Beſides, my dear Skeggs," continued " our Peereſs, there is nothing of this in " the copy of verſes that Dr. Burdock made " upon the occaſion."

" I am ſurpriſed at that," cried Miſs Skeggs;" for he ſeldom leaves any thing " out, as he writes only for his own amuſe- " ment. But can your Ladyſhip favour me " with a ſight of them?"

" My dear creature," replied our Peereſs, " do you think I carry ſuch things about " me? Though they are very fine to be " ſure, and I think myſelf ſomething of a " judge; at leaſt I know what pleaſes myſelf.

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" ſelf. Indeed I was ever an admirer of " all Doctor Burdock's little pieces; for " except what he does, and our dear Coun- " teſs at Hanover-Square, there's nothing " comes out but the moſt loweſt ſtuff in " nature; not a bit of high life among " them."

" Your Ladyſhip ſhould except," ſays t'other, " your own things in the Lady's " Magazine. I hope you'll ſay there's no- " thing low lived there? But I ſuppoſe " we are to have no more from that quar- " ter?"

" Why, my dear," ſays the Lady, " you " know my reader and companion has left " me, to be married to Captain Roach, " and as my poor eyes won't ſuffer me to " write myſelf, I have been for ſome time " looking out for another. A proper per- " ſon is no eaſy matter to find, and to be " ſure thirty pounds a year is a ſmall ſti- " pend for a well-bred girl of character,

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" that can read, write, and behave " in company; as for the chits about " town, there is no bearing them about " one."

" That I know," cried Miſs Skeggs, " by experience. For of the three com- " panions I had this laſt half year, " one of them refuſed to do plain-work " an hour in the day, another thought " twenty-five guineas a year too ſmall a ſa- " lary, and I was obliged to ſend away the " third, becauſe I ſuſpected an intrigue " with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear La- " dy Blarney, virtue is worth any price; " but where is that to be found?"

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this diſcourſe; but was particularly ſtruck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year made fifty-ſix pounds five ſhillings Engliſh money, all which was in a manner going a-begging, and might eaſily be ſecured in the

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the family. She for a moment ſtudied my looks for approbation; and, to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two ſuch places would fit our two daughters exactly. Beſides, if the 'Squire had any real affection for my eldeſt daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was reſolved that we ſhould not be deprived of ſuch advantages for want of aſſurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. "I hope," cried ſhe, "your Lady-
"ſhips will pardon my preſent preſump-
"tion. It is true, we have no right to
"pretend to ſuch favours; but yet it is na-
"tural for me to wiſh putting my children
"forward in the world. And I will be
"bold to ſay my two girls have had a pret-
"ty good education, and capacity, at leaſt
"the country can't ſhew better. They can
"read, write, and caſt accompts; they un-
"derſtand their needle, breadſtitch, croſs
"and change, and all manner of plain-
"work; they can pink, point, and frill;
"and

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" and know ſomething of muſic; they " can do up ſmall cloaths, work upon " catgut; my eldeſt can cut paper, and " my youngeſt has a very pretty manner of " telling fortunes upon the cards."

When ſhe had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in ſilence, with an air of doubt and importance. At laſt, Miſs Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs condeſcended to obſerve, that the young ladies, from the opinion ſhe could form of them from ſo ſlight an acquaintance, ſeemed very fit for ſuch employments: " But a " thing of this kind, Madam," cried ſhe, addreſſing my ſpouſe, " requires a thorough " examination into characters, and a more " perfect knowledge of each other. Not, " Madam," continued ſhe, " that I in the " leaſt ſuſpect the young ladies virtue, pru- " dence and diſcretion; but there is a form " in theſe things, Madam, there is a " form."

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My wife approved her ſuſpicions very much, obſerving, that ſhe was very apt to be ſuſpicious herſelf; but referred her to all the neighbours for a character: but this our Peereſs declined as unneceſſary, alledging that her couſin Thornhill's recommendation would be ſufficient, and upon this we reſted our petition.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XII.

Fortune ſeems reſolved to humble the family of Wakefield. Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.

WHEN we were returned home, the night was dedicated to ſchemes of future conqueſt. Deborah exerted much ſagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the beſt place, and moſt opportunities of ſeeing good company. The only obſtacle to our preferment was in obtaining the 'Squire's recommendation; but he had already ſhewn us too many inſtances of his friendſhip to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the uſual theme: "Well, faith, my dear "Charles, between ourſelves, I think we "have made an excellent day's work of "it."

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" and can buy and ſell to very good ad-
" vantage; you know all our great bar-
" gains are of his purchaſing. He always
" ſtands out and higgles, and actually tires
" them till he gets a bargain."

As I had ſome opinion of my ſon's prudence, I was willing enough to entruſt him with this commiſſion; and the next morning I perceived his ſiſters mighty buſy in fitting out Moſes for the fair; trimming his hair, bruſhing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The buſineſs of the toilet being over, we had at laſt the ſatisfaction of ſeeing him mounted upon the Colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too ſhort, was much too good to be thrown away. His waiſtcoat was of goſling green, and his ſiſters had tied his hair with a broad black ribband. We all followed him ſeveral paces from the door, bawling after him good

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good luck, good luck, till we could ſee him no longer.

He was ſcarce gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, ſaying, that he overheard his young maſter mention our names with great commendations.

Good fortune ſeemed reſolved not to come alone. Another footman from the ſame family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received ſuch a pleaſing account from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous enquiries more, they hoped to be perfectly ſatisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now ſee it is no eaſy matter to get into "the families of the great; but when one "once gets in, then, as Moſes ſays, they may "go ſleep." To this piece of humour, for ſhe intended it for wit, my daughters aſſented with a loud laugh of pleaſure. In ſhort, ſuch was her ſatisfaction at this meſſage, that ſhe actually put her hand to her pocket,

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pocket, and gave the meſſenger ſeven-pence halfpenny.

This was to be our viſiting-day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters alſo a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, ſnuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was uſually fond of a weeſel ſkin purſe, as being the moſt lucky; but this by the bye. We had ſtill a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in ſome meaſure diſpleaſing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happineſs to him, and aſking his advice: although we ſeldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to aſk it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he ſhook his head, and obſerved, that an affair of this ſort demanded the utmoſt circumſpection.——This air of diffidence highly

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highly diſpleaſed my wife. "I never "doubted, Sir," cried ſhe, "your readi- "neſs to be againſt my daughters and me. "You have more circumſpection than is "wanted. However, I fancy when we "come to aſk advice, we will apply to per- "ſons who ſeem to have made uſe of it "themſelves."——"Whatever my own "conduct may have been, madam," re- plied he, "is not the preſent queſtion; tho' "as I have made no uſe of advice myſelf, "I ſhould in conſcience give it to thoſe "that will."——As I was apprehen- ſive this anſwer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuſe what it wanted in wit, I changed the ſubject, by ſeeming to won- der what could keep our ſon ſo long at the fair, as it was now almoſt night-fall.—— "Never mind our ſon," cried my wife, "depend upon it he knows what he is "about. I'll warrant we'll never ſee him "ſell his hen of a rainy day. I have ſeen "him buy ſuch bargains as would amaze "one. I'll tell you a good ſtory about "that, that will make you ſplit your ſides "with

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" with laughing——But as I live, yonder " comes Moſes, without an horſe, and the " box at his back."

As ſhe ſpoke, Moſes came ſlowly on foot, and ſweating under the deal box, which he had ſtrapt round his ſhoulders.— " Welcome, welcome, Moſes; well, my " boy, what have you brought us from the " fair?"——" I have brought you myſelf," cried Moſes, with a ſly look, and reſting the box on the dreſſer.——" Ay, Moſes," cried my wife, " that we know, but where " is the horſe?" " I have ſold him," cried Moſes, " for three pounds five ſhillings and " two-pence."——" Well done, my good " boy," returned ſhe, " I knew you " would touch them off. Between our- " ſelves, three pounds five ſhillings and " two-pence is no bad day's work. Come, " let us have it then."—" I have brought " back no money," cried Moſes again. I " have laid it all out in a bargain, and " here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breaſt: " here they are; a groce of green

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" green ſpectacles, with ſilver rims and " ſhagreen caſes." ——— " A groce of " green ſpectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. " And you have parted with " the Colt, and brought us back nothing " but a groce of green paltry ſpectacles!" ——— " Dear mother," cried the boy, " why won't you liſten to reaſon? I had " them a dead bargain, or I ſhould not " have bought them. The ſilver rims " alone will ſell for double the mo- " ney."——— " A fig for the ſilver rims," cried my wife, in a paſſion: " I dare " ſwear they won't ſell for above half " the money at the rate of broken " ſilver, five ſhillings an ounce."——— " You need be under no uneaſineſs," cried I, " about ſelling the rims; for I perceive " they are only copper varniſhed over."— " What," cried my wife, " not ſilver, the " rims not ſilver!" " No," cried I, " no " more ſilver than your ſauce-pan."——— " And ſo," returned ſhe, " we have parted " with the Colt, and have only got a groce " of green ſpectacles, with copper rims " and

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" and ſhagreen caſes! A murrain take " ſuch trumpery. The blockhead has " been impoſed upon, and ſhould have " known his company better."—" There, " my dear," cried I, " you are wrong, he " ſhould not have known them at all."—— " Marry, hang the ideot," returned ſhe again, " to bring me ſuch ſtuff, if I had " them, I would throw them in the fire." " There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; " for though they be copper, we " will keep them by us, as copper ſpecta- " cles, you know, are better than no- " thing."

By this time the unfortunate Moſes was undeceived. He now ſaw that he had indeed been impoſed upon by a prowling ſharper, who, obſerving his figure, had marked him for an eaſy prey. I therefore aſked the circumſtances of his deception. He ſold the horſe, it ſeems, and walked the fair in ſearch of another. A reverend looking man brought him to a tent, under pre-

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a pretence of having one to ſell. "Here," continued Moſes, "we met another man, "very well dreſt, who deſired to borrow "twenty pounds upon theſe, ſaying, that "he wanted money, and would diſpoſe of "them for a third of the value. The "firſt gentleman, who pretended to be "my friend, whiſpered me to buy them, "and cautioned me not to let ſo good an "offer paſs. I ſent for Mr. Flamborough, "and they talked him up as finely as they "did me, and ſo at laſt we were perſuaded "to buy the two groce between us."

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CHAP. XIII.

Mr. Burchell is found to be an enemy; for he has the confidence to give diſagreeable advice.

OUR family had now made ſeveral attempts to be fine; but ſome unforeſeen diſaſter demoliſhed each as ſoon as projected. I endeavoured to take the advantage of every diſappointment, to improve their good ſenſe in proportion as they were fruſtrated in ambition. "You ſee, my chil-"dren," cried I, "how little is to be "got by attempts to impoſe upon the world, "in coping with our betters. Such as are "poor and will aſſociate with none but "the rich, are hated by thoſe they avoid, "and deſpiſed by theſe they follow. Un-"equal combinations are always diſadvan-

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" tageous to the weaker ſide: the rich
" having the pleaſure, and the poor the
" inconveniencies that reſult from them.
" But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat
" the fable that you were reading to-day,
" for the good of the company."

" Once upon a time," cried the child,
" a Giant and a Dwarf were friends, and
" kept together. They made a bar-
" gain that they would never forſake
" each other, but go ſeek adventures.
" The firſt battle they fought was with two
" Saracens, and the Dwarf, who was very
" courageous, dealt one of the champions a
" moſt angry blow. It did the Saracen
" but very little injury, who lifting up his
" ſword, fairly ſtruck off the poor Dwarf's
" arm. He was now in a woeful plight;
" but the Giant coming to his aſſiſtance, in
" a ſhort time left the two Saracens dead
" on the plain, and the Dwarf cut off the
" dead man's head out of ſpite. They
" then travelled on to another adventure.
" This was againſt three bloody-minded
" Satyrs,

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" Satyrs, who were carrying away a dam-
" ſel in diſtreſs. The Dwarf was not
" quite ſo fierce now as before; but for
" all that, ſtruck the firſt blow, which
" was returned by another, that knocked out
" his eye: but the Giant was ſoon up with
" them, and had they not fled, would
" certainly have killed them every one.
" They were all very joyful for this victo-
" ry, and the damſel who was relieved fell
" in love with the Giant, and married him.
" They now travelled far, and farther than
" I can tell, till they met with a company
" of robbers. The Giant, for the firſt
" time, was foremoſt now; but the Dwarf
" was not far behind. The battle was
" ſtout and long. Wherever the Giant
" came all fell before him; but the Dwarf
" had like to have been killed more
" than once. At laſt the victory declared
" for the two adventurers; but the
" Dwarf loſt his leg. The Dwarf was
" now without an arm, a leg, and an eye,
" while the Giant, who was without a ſin-
" gle wound, cried out to him, Come

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" on, my little heroe; this is glorious
" ſport; let us get one victory more,
" and then we ſhall have honour for ever.
" No, cries the Dwarf, who was by this time
" grown wiſer, no, I declare off; I'll
" fight no more: for I find in every battle
" that you get all the honour and rewards,
" but all the blows fall upon me."

I was going to moralize this fable, when our attention was called off to a warm diſpute between my wife and Mr. Burchell, upon my daughters intended expedition to town. My wife very ſtrenuouſly inſiſted upon the advantages that would reſult from it. Mr. Burchell, on the contrary, diſſuaded her with great ardor, and I ſtood neuter. His preſent diſſuaſions ſeemed but the ſecond part of thoſe which were received with ſo ill a grace in the morning. The diſpute grew high, while poor Deborah, inſtead of reaſoning ſtronger, talked louder, and at laſt was obliged to take ſhelter from a defeat in clamour. The con-

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concluſion of her harangue, however, was highly diſpleaſing to us all: ſhe knew, ſhe ſaid, of ſome who had their own ſecret reaſons for what they adviſed; but, for her part, ſhe wiſhed ſuch to ſtay away from her houſe for the future.——"Madam," cried Burchell, with looks of great compoſure, which tended to enflame her the more, "as for ſecret reaſons, you are right: "I have ſecret reaſons, which I forbear to "mention, becauſe you are not able to an- "ſwer thoſe of which I make no ſecret: but "I find my viſits here are become trouble- "ſome; I'll take my leave therefore now, and "perhaps come once more to take a final "farewell when I am quitting the coun- "try." Thus ſaying, he took up his hat, nor could the attempts of Sophia, whoſe looks ſeemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for ſome minutes with confuſion. My wife, who knew herſelf to be the cauſe, ſtrove to hide her concern with a forced ſmile,

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and an air of aſſurance, which I was willing to reprove: "How, woman," cried I to her, "is it thus we treat ſtrangers? Is it thus we "return their kindneſs? Be aſſured, my "dear, that theſe were the harſheſt words, "and to me the moſt unpleaſing that ever "eſcaped your lips!"——"Why would "he provoke me then," replied ſhe; "but "I know the motives of his advice per-"fectly well. He would prevent my girls "from going to town, that he may have "the pleaſure of my youngeſt daughter's "company here at home. But whatever hap-"pens, ſhe ſhall chuſe better company than "ſuch low-lived fellows as he."——"Low "lived, my dear, do you call him," cried I, "it is very poſſible we may miſtake this "man's character: for he ſeems upon ſome "occaſions the moſt finiſhed gentleman I "ever knew.——Tell me, Sophia, "my girl, has he ever given you any "ſecret inſtances of his attachment?"—"His converſation with me, ſir," replied my daughter, "has ever been ſenſible, mo-"deſt,

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" deſt, and pleaſing. As to aught elſe, no,
" never. Once, indeed, I remember to
" have heard him ſay he never knew a wo-
" man who could find merit in a man
" that ſeemed poor." " Such, my dear,"
cried I, " is the common cant of all
" the unfortunate or idle. But I hope you
" have been taught to judge properly of
" ſuch men, and that it would be even
" madneſs to expect happineſs from one
" who has been ſo very bad an œconomiſt
" of his own. Your mother and I have
" now better proſpects for you. The next
" winter, which you will probably ſpend
" in town, will give you opportunities of
" making a more prudent choice."

What Sophia's reflections were upon this occaſion, I can't pretend to determine; but I was not diſpleaſed at the bottom that we were rid of a gueſt from whom I had much to fear. Our breach of hoſpitality went to my conſcience a little: but I quickly ſilenced that monitor by two or three ſpecious reaſons, which ſerved to

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ſatisfy and reconcile me to myſelf. The pain which conſcience gives the man who has already done wrong, is ſoon got over. Conſcience is a coward, and thoſe faults it has not ſtrength enough to prevent, it ſeldom has juſtice enough to puniſh by accuſing.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIV.

Freſh mortifications, or a demonſtration that ſeeming calamities may be real bleſſings.

THE journey of my daughters to town was now reſolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promiſed to inſpect their conduct himſelf, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indiſpenſably neceſſary that their appearance ſhould equal the greatneſs of their expectations, which could not be done without ſome expence. We debated therefore in full council what were the eaſieſt methods of raiſing money, or, more properly ſpeaking, what we could moſt conveniently ſell. The deliberation was ſoon finiſhed, it was found that our remaining horſe

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horſe was utterly uſeleſs for the plow, without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye, it was therefore determined that we ſhould diſpoſe of him for the purpoſes above-mentioned, at the neighbouring fair, and, to prevent impoſition, that I ſhould go with him myſelf. Though this was one of the firſt mercantile tranſactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myſelf with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is meaſured by that of the company he keeps, and as mine was moſtly in the family way, I had conceived no unfavourable ſentiments of my worldly wiſdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got ſome paces from the door, called me back, to adviſe me, in a whiſper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the uſual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horſe through all his paces; but for ſome time had no bidders. At laſt a chap-

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chapman approached, and, after he had for a good while examined the horſe round, finding him blind of one eye, would have nothing to ſay to him: a ſecond came up; but obſerving he had a ſpavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home: a third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money: a fourth knew by his eye that he had the botts: a fifth, more impertinent than all the reſt, wondered what a plague I could do to the fair with a blind, ſpavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog kennel. By this time I began to have a moſt hearty contempt for the poor animal myſelf, and was almoſt aſhamed at the approach of every new cuſtomer; for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me; yet I reflected that the number of witneſſes was a ſtrong preſumption they were right, and St. Gregory, upon good works, profeſſes himſelf to be of the ſame opinion.

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I was in this mortifying ſituation, when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had alſo buſineſs to the fair, came up, and ſhaking me by the hand, propoſed adjourning to a public-houſe and taking a glaſs of whatever we could get. I readily cloſed with the offer, and entering an ale-houſe, we were ſhewn into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who ſat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life ſaw a figure that prepoſſed me more favourably. His locks of ſilver grey venerably ſhaded his temples, and his green old age ſeemed to be the reſult of health and benevolence. However, his preſence did not interrupt our converſation; my friend and I diſcourſed on the various turns of fortune we had met: the Whiſtonean controverſy, my laſt pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard meaſure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a ſhort time taken off by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, reſpectfully ſaid ſomething

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thing ſoftly to the old ſtranger. "Make no "apoligies, my child," ſaid the old man, "to "do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow "creatures: take this, I wiſh it were more; "but five pounds will relieve your diſtreſs, "and you are welcome." The modeſt youth ſhed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was ſcarce equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleaſed me ſo. He continued to read, and we reſumed our converſation, until my companion, after ſome time, recollecting that he had buſineſs to tranſact in the fair, promiſed to be ſoon back; adding, that he always deſired to have as much of Dr. Primroſe's company as poſſible. The old gentleman, hearing my name mentioned, ſeemed to look at me with attention, and when my friend was gone, moſt reſpectfully demanded if I was any way related to the great Primroſe, that couragious monogamiſt, who had been the bulwark of the church. Never did my heart feel ſincerer rapture than at that moment.

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ment. "Sir," cried I, "the applauſe of "ſo good a man, as I am ſure you are, "adds to that happineſs in my breaſt which "your benevolence has already excited. "You behold before you, Sir, that Doctor "Primroſe, the monogamiſt, whom you "have been pleaſed to call great. You "here ſee that unfortunate Divine, who "has ſo long, and it would ill become me "to ſay, ſucceſsfully, fought againſt the "deuterogamy of the age." "Sir," cried the ſtranger, ſtruck with awe, "I fear I "have been too familiar; but you'll for-"give my curioſity, Sir: I beg pardon." "Sir," cried I, graſping his hand, "you "are ſo far from diſpleaſing me by your "familiarity, that I muſt beg you'll accept "my friendſhip, as you already have all "my eſteem."——"Then with gratitude "I accept the offer," cried he, ſqueezing me by the hand, "thou glorious pillar of "unſhaken orthodoxy; and do I behold— I here interrupted what he was going to ſay; for tho', as an author, I could digeſt no

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no ſmall ſhare of flattery, yet now my modeſty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more inſtantaneous friendſhip. We talked upon ſeveral ſubjects: at firſt I thought he ſeemed rather devout than learned, and began to think he deſpiſed all human doctrines as droſs. Yet this no way leſſened him in my eſteem; for I had for ſome time begun privately to harbour ſuch an opinion myſelf. I therefore took occaſion to obſerve, that the world in general began to be blamebly indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human ſpeculations too much——"Ay, Sir," replied he, as if he had reſerved all his learning to that moment, "Ay, Sir, the world is in its dotage, and "yet the coſmogony or creation of the "world has puzzled philoſophers of all "ages. What a medly of opinions have "they not broached upon the creation of "the world? Sanconiathon, Manetho, Be"roſus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all at"tempted it in vain. The latter has theſe "words,

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" words, *Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to* " *pan*, which imply that all things have " neither beginning nor end. Manetho " alſo, who lived about the time of Ne- " buchadon-Aſſer, Aſſer being a Syriac " word uſually applied as a ſirname to the " kings of that country, as Teglat Phael- " Aſſer, Nabon-Aſſer, he, I ſay, formed " a conjecture equally abſurd; for as we " uſually ſay *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which " implies that books will never teach the " world; ſo he attempted to inveſtigate— " But, Sir, I aſk pardon, I am ſtraying " from the queſtion."——That he actually was; nor could I for my life ſee how the creation of the world had any thing to do with the buſineſs I was talking of; but it was ſufficient to ſhew me that he was a man of letters, and I now reverenced him the more. I was reſolved therefore to bring him to the touch-ſtone; but he was too mild and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made any obſervation that looked like a challenge to controverſy, he would ſmile, ſhake his head, and ſay no-

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nothing; by which I underſtood he could ſay much, if he thought proper. The ſubject therefore inſenſibly changed from the buſineſs of antiquity to that which brought us both to the fair; mine I told him was to ſell an horſe, and very luckily, indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horſe was ſoon produced, and in fine we ſtruck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered the landlady to call up his footman, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. "Here, Abra-"ham," cried he, "go and get gold for "this; you'll do it at neighbour Jackſon's, "or any where." While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great ſcarcity of ſilver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring alſo the great ſcarcity of gold; and by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never ſo hard

to

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to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us, that he had been over the whole fair and could not get change, tho' he had offered half a crown for doing it. This was a very great diſappointment to us all; but the old gentleman having pauſed a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country: upon replying that he was my next door neighbour, "If that be the caſe then," returned he, "I believe we ſhall deal. You "ſhall have a draught upon him, payable "at ſight; and let me tell you he is as "warm a man as any within five miles "round him. Honeſt Solomon and I have "been acquainted for many years together. "I remember I always beat him at three "jumps; but he could hop upon one leg "farther than I." A draught upon my neighbour was to me the ſame as money; for I was ſufficiently convinced of his ability: the draught was ſigned and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinſon, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horſe

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horſe, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleaſed with each other.

Being now left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draught from a ſtranger, and ſo prudently reſolved upon having back my horſe, and following the purchaſer. But this was now too late: I therefore made directly homewards, reſolving to get the draught changed into money at my friend's as faſt as poſſible. I found my honeſt neighbour ſmoking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a ſmall bill upon him, he read it twice over. "You can read the name, I ſuppoſe," cried I," Ephraim Jenkinſon." Yes," returned he, "the name is written plain "enough, and I know the gentleman too, "the greateſt raſcal under the canopy of "heaven. This is the very ſame rogue "who ſold us the ſpectacles. Was he "not, a venerable looking man, with "grey hair, and no flaps to his pocket-"holes? And did he not talk a long "ſtring of learning about Greek and "cof-

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" coſmogony, and the world?" To this I replied with a groan. "Aye," continued he, "he has but that one piece of learning " in the world, and he always talks it away " whenever he finds a ſcholar in compa- " ny: but I know the rogue, and will " catch him yet."

Though I was already ſufficiently mortified, my greateſt ſtruggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to ſchool, there to behold the maſter's ſweet viſage, than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by firſt falling into a paſſion myſelf.

But, alas! upon entering, I found the family no way diſpoſed for battle. My wife and girls were all in tears, Mr. Thornhill having been there that day to inform them, that their journey to town was entirely over. The two ladies having heard reports of us from ſome malicious perſon about us, were that day ſet out for London. He could neither

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neither diſcover the tendency, nor the author of theſe . but whatever they might be, for whoever might have broached them, he continued to aſſure our family of his friendſhip and protection. I found, therefore, that they bore my diſappointment with great reſignation, as it was eclipſed in the greatneſs of their own. But what perplexed us moſt was to think who could be ſo baſe as to aſperſe the character of a family ſo harmleſs as ours, too humble to excite envy, and too inoffenſive to create diſguſt.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XV.

All Mr. Burchell's villainy at once detected. The folly of being over-wiſe.

THAT evening and a part of the following day was employed in fruitleſs attempts to diſcover our enemies: ſcarce a family in the neighbourhood but incurred our ſuſpicions, and each of us had reaſons for our opinion beſt known to ourſelves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter-caſe, which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr. Burchell, with whom it had been ſeen, and, upon examination, contained ſome hints upon different ſubjects; but what particularly engaged our attention was a ſealed note, ſuperſcribed, *the copy of*

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a letter to be ſent to the two ladies at Thornhill-caſtle. It inſtantly occurred that he was the baſe informer, and we deliberated whether the note ſhould not be broke open. I was againſt it; but Sophia, who ſaid ſhe was ſure that of all men he would be the laſt to be guilty of ſo much baſeneſs, inſiſted upon its being read. In this ſhe was ſeconded by the reſt of the family, and, at their joint ſolicitation, I read as follows:

LADIES,

"THE bearer will ſufficiently ſatisfy you as to the perſon from whom this comes: one at leaſt the friend of innocence, and ready to prevent its being ſeduced. I am informed for a truth, that you have ſome intentions of bringing two young ladies to town, whom I have ſome knowledge of, under the character of companions. As I would neither have ſimplicity impoſed upon, nor virtue contaminated, I muſt offer it as my opinion, that the impropriety of ſuch

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a ſtep will be attended with dangerous conſequences. It has never been my way to treat the infamous or the lewd with ſeverity; nor ſhould I now have taken this method of explaining myſelf, or reproving folly, did it not aim at guilt. Take therefore the admonition of a friend, and ſeriouſly reflect on the conſequences of introducing infamy and vice into retreats where peace and innocence have hitherto reſided."

Our doubts were now at an end. There ſeemed indeed ſomething applicable to both ſides in this letter, and its cenſures might as well be referred to thoſe to whom it was written, as to us; but the malicious meaning was obvious, and we went no farther. My wife had ſcarce patience to hear me to the end, but railed at the writer with unreſtrained reſentment. Olivia was equally ſevere, and Sophia ſeemed perfectly amazed at his baſeneſs. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vileſt inſtances of unprovoked ingratitude I had

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met with. Nor could I account for it in any other manner than by imputing it to his deſire of detaining my youngeſt daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner we all ſate ruminating upon ſchemes of vengeance, when our other little boy came runing in to tell us that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is eaſier to conceive than deſcribe the complicated ſenſations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury, and the pleaſure of approaching revenge. Tho' our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude; yet it was reſolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpoſe we agreed to meet him with our uſual ſmiles, to chat in the beginning with more than ordinary kindneſs, to amuſe him a little; but then in the midſt of the flattering calm to burſt upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with the ſenſe of his own baſeneſs. This being reſolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the buſineſs herſelf,

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as ſhe really had ſome talents for ſuch an undertaking. We ſaw him approach, he entered, drew a chair, and ſate down.——"A "fine day, Mr. Burchell."——"A very "fine day, Doctor; though I fancy we "ſhall have ſome rain by the ſhooting of "my corns."——"The ſhooting of your "horns," cried my wife, in a loud fit of laughter, and then aſked pardon for being fond of a joke.——"Dear madam," replied he, "I pardon you with all my heart; "for I proteſt I ſhould not have thought it "a joke till you told me."——"Perhaps "not, Sir," cried my wife, winking at us, "and yet I dare ſay you can tell us how "many jokes go to an ounce."—"I fancy, "madam," returned Burchell, "you have "been reading a jeſt book this morning, "that ounce of jokes is ſo very good a con-"ceit; and yet, madam, I had rather ſee "half an ounce of underſtanding."——— "I believe you might," cried my wife, ſtill ſmiling at us, though the laugh was againſt her; and yet I have ſeen ſome "men pretend to underſtanding that have

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" very little."——"And no doubt," replied her antagoniſt, "you have known la-
" dies ſet up for wit that had none."——
I quickly began to find that my wife was likely to gain but little at this buſineſs; ſo I reſolved to treat him in a ſtile of more ſeverity myſelf. "Both wit and underſtand-
" ing," cried I, "are trifles, without in-
" tegrity: it is that which gives value to
" every character. The ignorant peaſant,
" without fault, is greater than the philo-
" ſopher with many; for what is genius or
" courage without an heart? *An honeſt*
" *man is the nobleſt work of God.*"

" I always held that favourite maxim of
" Pope," returned Mr. Burchell, "as very
" unworthy a man of genius, and a baſe
" deſertion of his own ſuperiority. As
" the reputation of books is raiſed not
" by their freedom from defect, but the
" greatneſs of their beauties; ſo ſhould
" that of men be prized not for their ex-
" emption from fault, but the ſize of thoſe
" virtues they are poſſeſſed of. The ſcho-
" lar

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" lar may want prudence, the ſtateſman
" may have pride, and the champion fero-
" city; but ſhall we prefer to theſe men
" the low mechanic, who laborioufly plods
" on through life, without cenſure or ap-
" plauſe? We might as well prefer the
" tame correct paintings of the Flemiſh
" ſchool to the erroneous, but ſublime ani-
" mations of the Roman pencil."

" Sir," replied I, " your preſent obſer-
" vation is juſt, when there are ſhining vir-
" tues and minute defects; but when it ap-
" pears that great vices are oppoſed in the
" ſame mind to as extraordinary virtues,
" ſuch a character deſerves contempt.

" Perhaps," cried he, " there may be
" ſome ſuch monſters as you deſcribe, of
" great vices joined to great virtues; yet
" in my progreſs through life, I never
" yet found one inſtance of their exiſtence:
" on the contrary, I have ever perceived,
" that where the mind was capacious, the

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" affections were good. And indeed Pro-
" vidence ſeems kindly our friend in this
" particular, thus to debilitate the under-
" ſtanding where the heart is corrupt, and
" diminiſh the power where there is the will
" to do miſchief. This rule ſeems to ex-
" tend even to other animals: the little
" vermin race are ever treacherous, cruel,
" and cowardly, whilſt thoſe endowed with
" ſtrength and power are generous, brave,
" and gentle."

" Theſe obſervations ſound well," re-
turned I, " and yet it would be eaſy this
" moment to point out a man," and I fixed
my eye ſtedfaſtly upon him, " whoſe head
" and heart form a moſt deteſtable contraſt.
" Ay, Sir," continued I, raiſing my voice,
" and I am glad to have this opportunity
" of detecting him in the midſt of his fan-
" cied ſecuriry. Do you know this, Sir,
" this pocket-book?"——" Yes, Sir,"
returned he, with a face of impenetrable
aſſurance, " that pocket-book is mine, and
" I am glad you have found it."——" And
" do

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" do you know," cried I, " this letter?
" Nay, never falter man; but look me full
" in the face: I ſay, do you know this let-
" ter?"——" That letter," returned he,
" yes, it was I that wrote that letter."——
" And how could you," ſaid I, " ſo baſely,
" ſo ungratefully preſume to write this
" letter?"——" And how came you," re-
" plied he, with looks of unparallelled ef-
frontery, " ſo baſely to preſume to break
" open this letter? Don't you know, now,
" I could hang you all for this? All that
" I have to do, is to ſwear at the next juſ-
" tice's, that you have been guilty of
" breaking open the lock of my pocket-
" book, and ſo hang you all up at his
" door." This piece of unexpected inſo-
lence raiſed me to ſuch a pitch, that I
could ſcare govern my paſſion. " Ungrate-
" ful wretch, begone, and no longer pol-
" lute my dwelling with thy baſeneſs.
" Begone, and never let me ſee thee again:
" go from my doors, and the only puniſh-
" ment I wiſh thee is an allarmed conſci-
" ence, which will be a ſufficient tormen-

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" tor!" So ſaying, I threw him his pocket-book, which he took up with a ſmile, and ſhutting the claſps with the utmoſt compoſure, left us, quite aſtoniſhed at the ſerenity of his aſſurance. My wife was particularly enraged that nothing could make him angry, or make him ſeem aſhamed of his villainies, " My dear," cried I, willing to calm thoſe paſſions that had been raiſed too high among us, " we are not to be " ſurpriſed that bad men want ſhame; they " only bluſh at being detected in doing " good, but glory in their vices.

" Guilt and ſhame, ſays the allegory, " were at firſt companions, and in the be- " ginning of their journey inſeparably " kept together. But their union was " ſoon found to be diſagreeable and in- " convenient to both; guilt gave ſhame " frequent uneaſineſs, and ſhame often be- " trayed the ſecret conſpiracies of guilt. " After long diſagreement, therefore, they " at length conſented to part for ever.

" Guilt

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" Guilt boldly walked forward alone, to
" overtake fate, that went before in the
" ſhape of an executioner: but ſhame be-
" ing naturally timorous, returned back to
" keep company with virtue, which, in the
" beginning of their journey, they had left
" behind. Thus, my children, after men have
" travelled through a few ſtages in vice, they
" no longer continue to have ſhame at do-
" ing evil, and ſhame attends only upon
" their virtues."

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVI.

The family uſe art, which is oppoſed with ſtill greater.

WHATEVER might have been Sophia's ſenſations, the reſt of the family was eaſily conſoled for Mr. Burchell's abſence by the company of our landlord, whoſe viſits now became more frequent and longer. Though he had been diſappointed in procuring my daughters the amuſements of the town, as he deſigned, he took every opportunity of ſupplying them with thoſe little recreations which our retirement would admit of. He uſually came in the morning, and while my ſon and I followed our occupations abroad, he ſat with the family at home, and amuſed them by deſcribing the town, with every part of

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of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the obſervations that were retailed in the atmoſphere of the play-houſes, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote long before they made way into the jeſt-books. The intervals between coverſation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet, or ſometimes in ſetting my two little ones to box to make them *ſharp*, as he called it: but the hopes of having him for a ſon-in-law, in ſome meaſure blinded us to all his defects. It muſt be owned that my wife laid a thouſand ſchemes to entrap him, or, to ſpeak it more tenderly, uſed every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea eat ſhort and criſp, they were made by Olivia: if the gooſeberry wine was well knit, the gooſeberries were of her gathering: it was her fingers gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the compoſition of a pudding, her judgment was infallible. Then the poor woman would ſometimes tell the 'Squire, that ſhe thought him and Olivia

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via extremely like each other, and would bid both ſtand up to ſee which was talleſt. Theſe inſtances of cunning, which ſhe thought impenetrable, yet which every body ſaw through, were very pleaſing to our benefactor, who gave every day ſome new proofs of his paſſion, which though they had not ariſen to propoſals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little ſhort of it; and his ſlowneſs was attributed ſometimes to native baſhfulneſs, and ſometimes to his fear of offending a rich uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened ſoon after, put it beyond a doubt that he deſigned to become one of the family, my wife even regarded it as an abſolute promiſe.

My wife and daughters happening to return a viſit to neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and did them for fifteen ſhillings a head. As this family and ours had long a ſort of rivalry in point of taſte, our ſpirit took the alarm at this ſtolen march upon us, and

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and notwithſtanding all I could ſay, and I ſaid much, it was reſolved that we ſhould have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner, for what could I do? our next deliberation was to ſhew the ſuperiority of our taſte in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were ſeven of them, and they were drawn with ſeven oranges, a thing quite out of taſte, no variety in life, no compoſition in the world. We deſired to have ſomething done in a brighter ſtyle, and, after many debates, at length came to an unanimous reſolution to be drawn together, in one large hiſtorical family piece. This would be cheaper, ſince one frame would ſerve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taſte were now drawn in the ſame manner. As we did not immediately recollect an hiſtorical ſubject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent hiſtorical figures. My wife deſired to be repreſented as Venus, with a ſtomacher richly ſet with diamonds, and her two little

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tle ones as Cupids by her ſide, while I, in my gown and band, was to preſent her with my books on the Bangorean controverſy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, ſitting upon a bank of flowers, dreſt in a green joſeph, laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a ſhepherdeſs, with as many ſheep as the painter could ſpare; and Moſes was to be dreſt out with an hat and white feather. Our taſte ſo much pleaſed the 'Squire, that he inſiſted on being put in as one of the family in the character of Alexander the great, at Olivia's feet. This was conſidered by us all as an indication of his deſire to be introduced into the family in reality, nor could we refuſe his requeſt. The painter was therefore ſet to work, and as he wrought with aſſiduity and expedition, in leſs than four days the whole was compleated. The piece was large, and it muſt be owned he did not ſpare his colours; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly ſatisfied with his performance; but

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but an unfortunate circumſtance had not occurred till the picture was finiſhed, which now ſtruck us with diſmay. It was ſo very large that we had no place in the houſe to fix it. How we all came to diſregard ſo material a point is inconceivable; but certain it is, we were this time all greatly overſeen. Inſtead therefore of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, there it leaned, in a moſt mortifying manner, againſt the kitchen wall, where the canvas was ſtretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jeſt of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinſon Cruſoe's long-boat, too large to be removed; another thought it more reſembled a reel in a bottle; ſome wondered how it ſhould be got out, and ſtill more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of ſome, it effectually raiſed more ill-natured ſuggeſtions in many. The 'Squire's portrait being found united with ours, was an honour too great to eſcape envy. Malicious whiſpers

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pers began to circulate at our expence, and our tranquility continually to be diſturbed by perſons who came as friends to tell us what was ſaid of us by enemies. Theſe reports we always reſented with becoming ſpirit; but ſcandal ever improves by oppoſition. We again therefore entered into a conſultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at laſt came to a reſolution which had too much cunning to give me entire ſatisfaction. It was this: as our principal object was to diſcover the honour of Mr. Thornhill's addreſſes, my wife undertook to ſound him, by pretending to aſk his advice in the choice of an huſband for her eldeſt daughter. If this was not found ſufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then fixed upon to terrify him with a rival, which it was thought would compel him, though never ſo refractory. To this laſt ſtep, however, I would by no means give my conſent, till Olivia gave me the moſt ſolemn aſſurances that ſhe would marry the perſon provided to rival him upon this occaſion, if Mr. Thornhill did not prevent it,

by

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by taking her himſelf. Such was the ſcheme laid, which though I did not ſtrenuouſly oppoſe, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill came to ſee us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mamma an opportunity of putting her ſcheme in execution; but they only retired to the next room, from whence they could over-hear the whole converſation; which my wife artfully introduced, by obſerving, that one of the Miſs Flamboroughs was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the 'Squire aſſenting, ſhe proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes were always ſure of getting good huſbands: "But heaven help," continued ſhe, "the girls that have none. "What ſignifies beauty, Mr. Thornhill? "or what ſignifies all the virtue, and all "the qualifications in the world, in this "age of ſelf-intereſt? It is not, what is "ſhe? but what has ſhe? is all the cry."

"Madam,"

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" Madam," returned he, " I highly ap-
" prove the juſtice, as well as the novelty,
" of your remarks, and if I were a king,
" it ſhould be otherwiſe. It would then,
" indeed, be fine times with the girls with-
" out fortunes: our two young ladies ſhould
" be the firſt for whom I would provide."

" Ah, Sir!" returned my wife, " you
" are pleaſed to be facetious: but I wiſh I
" were a queen, and then I know where
" they ſhould look for an huſband. But
" now, that you have put it into my head,
" ſeriouſly Mr. Thornhill, can't you re-
" commend me a proper huſband for my
" eldeſt girl? She is now nineteen years
" old, well grown and well educated, and,
" in my humble opinion, does not want
" for parts."

" Madam," replied he, " if I were to
" chuſe, I would find out a perſon poſſeſſed
" of every accompliſhment that can make
" an angel happy. One with prudence, for-
" tune,

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" tune, taſte, and ſincerity, ſuch, madam,
" would be, in my opinion, the proper huſ-
" band." " Ay, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "but do you
" know of any ſuch perſon?"——" No,
" madam," returned he, " it is impoſſible to
" know any perſon that deſerves to be her
" huſband: ſhe's too great a treaſure for one
" man's poſſeſſion: ſhe's a goddeſs. Upon
" my ſoul, I ſpeak what I think, ſhe's an
" angel."——" Ah, Mr. Thornhill, you
" only flatter my poor girl: but we have
" been thinking of marrying her to one of
" your tenants, whoſe mother is lately dead,
" and who wants a manager: you know
" whom I mean, farmer Williams; a warm
" man, Mr. Thornhill, able to give her
" good bread; ay, and who has ſeveral
" times made her propoſals: (which was
actually the caſe) but, Sir," concluded ſhe,
" I ſhould be glad to have your approba-
" tion of our choice."——" How, ma-
" dam," replied he, " my approbation!
" My approbation of ſuch a choice! Never.
" What! Sacrifice ſo much beauty, and
" ſenſe,

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" ſenſe, and goodneſs, to a creature inſen-
" ſible of the bleſſing! Excuſe me, I can
" never approve of ſuch a piece of injuſ-
" tice! And I have my reaſons!"——
" Indeed, Sir," cried Deborah, "if you
" have your reaſons, that's another affair;
" but I ſhould be glad to know thoſe rea-
" ſons·" —— "Excuse me, madam," re-
turned he, "they lie too deep for diſcovery:
(laying his hand upon his boſom) they re-
" main buried, rivetted here."

After he was gone, upon general conſultation, we could not tell what to make of theſe fine ſentiments. Olivia conſidered them as inſtances of the moſt exalted paſſion; but I was not quite ſo ſanguine: it ſeemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love than matrimony in them: yet, whatever they might portend, it was reſolved to proſecute the ſcheme of farmer Williams, who, ſince my daughter's firſt appearance in the country, had paid her his addreſſes.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVII.

Scarce any virtue found to reſiſt the power of long and pleaſing temptation.

AS I only ſtudied my child's real happineſs, the aſſiduity of Mr. Williams pleaſed me, as he was in eaſy circumſtances, prudent, and ſincere. It required but very little encouragement to revive his former paſſion; ſo that in an evening or two after he and Mr. Thornhill met at our houſe, and ſurveyed each other for ſome time with looks of anger: but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her ſide, acted the coquet to perfection, if that might be called acting which was her real character, pretending to laviſh all her tenderneſs on her new lover. Mr. Thornhill

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appeared quite dejected at this preference, and with a penſive air took leave, though I own it puzzled me to find him ſo much in pain as he appeared to be, when he had it in his power ſo eaſily to remove the cauſe, by declaring an honourable paſſion. But whatever uneaſineſs he ſeemed to endure, it could eaſily be perceived that Olivia's anguiſh was ſtill greater. After any of theſe interviews between her lovers, of which there were ſeveral, ſhe uſually retired to ſolitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in ſuch a ſituation I found her one evening, after ſhe had been for ſome time ſupporting a fictitious gayety.—"You "now ſee, my child," ſaid I, "that "your confidence in Mr. Thornhill's paſ- "ſion was all a dream: he permits the ri- "valry of another, every way his inferior, "though he knows it lies in his power to "ſecure you by a candid declaration him- ſelf."—— "Yes, pappa," returned ſhe, "but he has his reaſons for this delay: I "know he has. The ſincerity of his looks "and words convince me of his real eſteem.

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CHAP. III.

A migration. The fortunate circumſtances of our lives are generally found at laſt to be of our own procuring.

THE only hope of our family now was, that the report of our miſfortunes might be malicious or premature: but a letter from my agent in town ſoon came with a confirmation of every particular. The loſs of fortune to myſelf alone would have been trifling; the only uneaſineſs I felt was for my family, who were to be humble without ſuch an education as could render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight paſſed away before I attempted to reſtrain their affliction; for premature conſolation is but the remembrancer of ſorrow. During this interval, my

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my thoughts were employed on ſome future means of ſupporting them; and at laſt a ſmall Cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me in a diſtant neighbourhood, where I could ſtill enjoy my principles without moleſtation. With this propoſal I joyfully cloſed, having determined to encreaſe my ſalary by managing a little farm.

Having taken this reſolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune; and all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thouſand pounds we had now but four hundred remaining. My chief attention therefore was next to bring down the pride of my family to their circumſtances; for I well knew that aſpiring beggary is wretchedneſs itſelf. "You can't "be ignorant, my children," cried I, "that "no prudence of ours could have prevented "our late misfortune; but prudence may "do much in diſappointing its effects. "We are now poor, my fondlings, and "wiſdom bids us conform to our humble "ſituation. Let us then, without repining, give

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" A ſhort time, I hope, will diſcover the ge-
" neroſity of his ſentiments, and convince
" you that my opinion of him has been
" more juſt than yours."—" Olivia, my dar-
ling," returned I, " every ſcheme that has
" been hitherto purſued to compel him to a
" declaration, has been propoſed and plan-
" ned by yourſelf, nor can you in the leaſt
" ſay that I have conſtrained you. But you
" muſt not ſuppoſe, my dear, that I will
" be ever inſtrumental in ſuffering his ho-
" neſt rival to be the dupe of your ill-
" placed paſſion. Whatever time you re-
" quire to bring your fancied admirer to
" an explanation ſhall be granted; but at
" the expiration of that term, if he is ſtill
" regardleſs, I muſt abſolutely inſiſt that
" honeſt Mr. Williams ſhall be rewarded
" for his fidelity. The character which I
" have hitherto ſupported in life demands
" this from me, and my tenderneſs, as
" a parent, ſhall never influence my in-
" tegrity as a man. Name then your day,
" let it be as diſtant as you think proper,
" and in the mean time take care to let

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" Mr. Thornhill know the exact time on " which I deſign delivering you up to an- " other. If he really loves you, his own " good ſenſe will readily ſuggeſt that there " is but one method alone to prevent his " loſing you for ever."——This propoſal, which ſhe could not avoid conſidering as perfectly juſt, was readily agreed to. She again renewed her moſt poſitive promiſe of marrying Mr. Williams, in caſe of the other's inſenſibility; and at the next opportunity, in Mr. Thornhill's preſence, that day month was fixed upon for her nuptials with his rival.

Such vigorous proceedings ſeemed to redouble Mr. Thornhill's anxiety: but what Olivia really felt gave me ſome uneaſineſs. In this ſtruggle between prudence and paſſion, her vivacity quite forſook her, and every opportunity of ſolitude was ſought, and ſpent in tears. One week paſſed away; but her lover made no efforts to reſtrain her nuptials. The ſucceeding week he was ſtill aſſiduous; but not more open. On the third

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third he diſcontinued his viſits entirely, and inſtead of my daughter teſtifying any impatience, as I expected, ſhe ſeemed to retain a penſive tranquillity, which I looked upon as reſignation. For my own part, I was now ſincerely pleaſed with thinking that my child was going to be ſecured in a continuance of competence and peace, and frequently applauded her reſolution. It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, telling ſtories of the paſt, and laying ſchemes for the future. Buſied in forming a thouſand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermoſt, "Well, Moſes," cried I, "we ſhall ſoon, my boy, "have a wedding in the family, what is "your opinion of matters and things in "general?"——"My opinion, father, is "that all things go on very well; and I "was juſt now thinking, that when ſiſter "Livy is married to farmer Williams, we "ſhall then have the loan of his cyder-"preſs and brewing tubs for nothing."—

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" That we ſhall, Moſes," cried I, " and " he will ſing us Death and the Lady, to " raiſe our ſpirits into the bargain."—— " He has taught that ſong to our Dick," cried Moſes; " and I think he goes thro' " it very prettily.—"Does he ſo," cried I, " then let us have it: where's little Dick? " let him up with it boldly."——"My " brother Dick," cried Bill my youngeſt, " is juſt gone out with ſiſter Livy; but Mr. " Williams has taught me two ſongs, and " I'll ſing them for you, pappa. Which " ſong do you chuſe, *the Dying Swan*, or " the *Elegy on the death of a mad dog?*" " The elegy, child, by all means," ſaid I, " I never heard that yet; and Deborah, " my life, grief you know is dry, let us " have a bottle of the beſt gooſeberry " wine, to keep up our ſpirits. I have " wept ſo much at all ſorts of elegies of " late, that without an enlivening glaſs I " am ſure this will overcome me; and So- " phy, love, take your guitar, and thrum " in with the boy a little."

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An ELEGY on the Death of a Mad Dog.

GOOD people all, of every ſort,
Give ear unto my ſong;
And if you find it wond'rous ſhort,
It cannot hold you long.

In Iſling town there was a man,
Of whom the world might ſay,
That ſtill a goodly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his cloaths.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mungrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at firſt were friends;
But when a pique began,

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The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring ſtreets,
The wondering neighbours ran,
And ſwore the dog had loſt his wits,
To bite ſo good a man.

The wound it ſeem'd both ſore and ſad,
To every chriſtian eye;
And while they ſwore the dog was mad,
They ſwore the man would die.

But ſoon a wonder came to light,
That ſhew'd the rogues they lied,
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that dy'd.

"A very good boy, Bill, upon my word,
" and an elegy that may truly be called
" tragical. Come, my children, here's
" Bill's health, and may he one day be a
" biſhop."

" With all my heart," cried my wife;
" and if he but preaches as well as he
" ſings,

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" ſings, I make no doubt of him. The " moſt of his family, by the mother's ſide, " could ſing a good ſong: it was a com- " mon ſaying in our country, that the family " of the Blenkinſops could never look ſtrait " before them, nor the Hugginſes blow out a " candle; that there were none of the Gro- " grams but could ſing a ſong, or of the " Marjorams but could tell a ſtory."——— " However that be," cried I, " the moſt " vulgar ballad of them all generally pleaſes " me better than the fine modern odes, " and things that petrify us in a ſingle " ſtanza; productions that we at once de- " teſt and praiſe. Put the glaſs to your " brother, Moſes. The great fault of theſe " elegiſts is, that they are in deſpair for " griefs that give the ſenſible part of man- " kind very little pain. A lady loſes her " lap-dog, and ſo the ſilly poet runs home " to verſify the diſaſter."

" That may be the mode," cried Moſes, " in ſublimer compoſitions; but the Ra-

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" nelagh ſongs that come down to us are " perfectly familiar, and all caſt in the ſame " mold: Colin meets Dolly, and they hold " a dialogue together; he gives her a fair- " ing to put in her hair, and ſhe preſents " him with a noſegay; and then they go " together to church, where they give " good advice to young nymphs and " ſwains to get married as faſt as they " can."

" And very good advice too," cried I, " and I am told there is not a place in the " world where advice can be given with " ſo much propriety as there; for, as it per- " ſuades us to marry, it alſo furniſhes us " with a wife; and ſurely that muſt be an " excellent market, my boy, where we are " told what we want, and ſupplied with it " when wanting."

" Yes, Sir," returned Moſes, " and I " know but of two ſuch markets for wives " in Europe, Ranelagh in England, and " Fontarabia in Spain. The Spaniſh mar- " ket

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" ket is open once a year, but our Eng-
" liſh wives are ſaleable every night."

" You are right, my boy," cried his mother, "Old England is the only place in " the world for husbands to get wives."— " And for wives to manage their husbands," interrupted I. " It is a proverb abroad, " that if a bridge were built acroſs the ſea, " all the ladies of the Continent would " come over to take pattern from ours; for " there are no ſuch wives in Europe as our " own.

" But let us have one bottle more, De-
" borah, my life, and Moſes give us a " good ſong. What thanks do we not owe " to heaven for thus beſtowing tranquillity, " health, and competence. I think myſelf " happier now than the greateſt monarch " upon earth. He has no ſuch fire-ſide, " nor ſuch pleaſant faces about it. Yes, " Deborah, my dear, we are now growing " old; but the evening of our life is like-
" ly to be happy. We are deſcended from
" anceſ-

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" anceſtors that knew no ſtain, and we " ſhall leave a good and virtuous race of " children behind us. While we live they " will be our ſupport and our pleaſure " here, and when we die they will tranſ- " mit our honour untainted to poſterity. " Come, my ſon, we wait for your ſong: " let us have a chorus. But where is my " darling Olivia? That little cherub's voice " is always ſweeteſt in the concert."—— Juſt as I ſpoke Dick came running in. " O " pappa, pappa, ſhe is gone from us, ſhe is " gone from us, my ſiſter Livy is gone " from us for ever"——" Gone, child"— " Yes, ſhe is gone off with two gentlemen " in a poſt chaiſe, and one of them kiſſed " her, and ſaid he would die for her; " and ſhe cried very much, and was for " coming back; but he perſuaded her " again, and ſhe went into the chaiſe, and " ſaid, O what will my poor pappa do " when he knows I am undone!"——— " Now then," cried I, " my children, go " and be miſerable; for we ſhall never en- " joy one hour more. And O may heaven's

" ever-

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" everlaſting fury light upon him and his!
" Thus to rob me of my child! And ſure
" it will, for taking back my ſweet inno-
" cent that I was leading up to heaven.
" Such ſincerity as my child was poſſeſt of.
" But all our earthly happineſs is now over!
" Go, my children, go, and be miſerable
" and infamous; for my heart is broken
" within me!"——" Father," cried my ſon, " is this your fortitude?"——" Forti-
" tude, child! Yes, he ſhall ſee I have for-
" titude! Bring me my piſtols. I'll pur-
" ſue the traitor. While he is on earth I'll
" purſue him. Old as I am, he ſhall find
" I can ſting him yet. The villain! The
" perfidious villain!"—— I had by this time reached down my piſtols, when my poor wife, whoſe paſſions were not ſo ſtrong as mine, caught me in her arms. " My
" deareſt, deareſt husband," cried ſhe, " the
" bible is the only weapon that is fit for
" your old hands now. Open that, my
" love, and read our anguiſh into patience,
" for ſhe has vilely deceived—— Her ſor-
row repreſt the reſt in ſilence.——" Indeed,
" Sir,

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" Sir," reſumed my ſon, after a pauſe, " your rage is too violent and unbecom- " ing. You ſhould be my mother's com- " forter, and you encreaſe her pain. It " ill ſuited you and your reverend cha- " racter thus to curſe your greateſt enemy: " you ſhould not have curſt the wretch, " villain as he is."——" I did not curſe " him, child, did I?"——" Indeed, Sir, " you did; you curſt him twice."——— " Then may heaven forgive me and him if " I did. And now, my ſon, I ſee it was " more than human benevolence that firſt " taught us to bleſs our enemies! Bleſt be " his holy name for all the good he has " given, and for that he has taken away. " But it is not, it is not, a ſmall diſtreſs " that can wring tears from theſe old eyes, " that have not wept for ſo many years. " My Child!—To undo my darling! May " confuſion ſeize! Heaven forgive me, " what am I about to ſay! You may re- " member, my love, how good ſhe was, " and how charming; till this vile moment " all her care was to make us happy. Had

" ſhe

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" ſhe but died! But ſhe is gone, the honour " of our family contaminated, and I muſt " look out for happineſs in other worlds than " here. But my child, you ſaw them go off: " perhaps he forced her away? If he forced " her, ſhe may yet be innocent."—" Ah no, " Sir!" cried the child, " he only kiſſed " her, and called her his angel, and ſhe " wept very much, and leaned upon his " arm, and they drove off very faſt."—— " She's an ungrateful creature," cried my wife, who could ſcarce ſpeak for weeping, " to uſe us thus. She never had the leaſt " conſtraint put upon her affections. The " vile ſtrumpet has baſely deſerted her pa- " rents without any provocation, thus to " bring your grey hairs to the grave, and " I muſt ſhortly follow."

In this manner that night, the firſt of our real misfortunes, was ſpent in the bitterneſs of complaint, and ill ſupported ſallies of enthuſiaſm. I determined, however, to find out our betrayer, wherever he

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he was, and reproach his baſeneſs. The next morning we miſſed our wretched child at breakfaſt, where ſhe uſed to give life and chearfulneſs to us all. My wife, as before, attempted to eaſe her heart by reproaches. "Never," cried ſhe, "ſhall that vileſt "ſtain of our family again darken thoſe "harmleſs doors. I will never call her "daughter more. No, let the ſtrumpet "live with her vile ſeducer: ſhe may bring "us to ſhame, but ſhe ſhall never more de-"ceive us."

"Wife," ſaid I, "do not talk thus hard-"ly: my deteſtation of her guilt is as great "as yours; but ever ſhall this houſe and "this heart be open to a poor returning re-"pentant ſinner. The ſooner ſhe returns "from her tranſgreſſion, the more welcome "ſhall ſhe be to me. For the firſt time "the very beſt may err; art may perſuade, "and novelty ſpread out its charm. The "firſt fault is the child of ſimplicity; but "every other the offſpring of guilt. Yes, "the

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" the wretched creature ſhall be welcome
" to this heart and this houſe, tho' ſtained
" with ten thouſand vices. I will again
" hearken to the muſic of her voice, again
" will I hang fondly on her boſom, if I
" find but repentance there. My ſon,
" bring hither my bible and my ſtaff; I
" will puſue her, wherever ſhe is, and tho'
" I cannot ſave her from ſhame, I may
" prevent the continuance of iniquity."

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVIII.

The purſuit of a father to reclaim a loſt child to virtue.

THO' the child could not deſcribe the gentleman's perſon who handed his ſiſter into the poſt-chaiſe, yet my ſuſpicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, whoſe character for ſuch intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my ſteps towards Thornhill-caſtle, reſolving to upbraid him, and, if poſſible, to bring back my daughter: but before I had reached his ſeat, I was met by one of my pariſhioners, who ſaid he ſaw a young lady reſembling my daughter in a poſt-chaiſe with a gentleman, whom, by the deſcription, I could only gueſs to be Mr. Burchell, and that they drove very faſt. This information, however, did by no means

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means ſatisfy me. I therefore went to the young 'Squire's, and though it was yet early, inſiſted upon ſeeing him immediately: he ſoon appeared with the moſt open familiar air, and ſeemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement, proteſting upon his honour that he was quite a ſtranger to it. I now therefore condemned my former ſuſpicions, and could turn them only on Mr. Burchell, who I recollected had of late ſeveral private conferences with her: but the appearance of another witneſs left me no room to doubt of his villainy, who averred, that he and my daughter were actually gone towards the wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company. Hearing this, I reſolved to purſue them there. I walked along with earneſtneſs, and enquired of ſeveral by the way; but received no accounts, till entering the town, I was met by a perſon on horſeback, whom I remembered to have ſeen at the 'Squire's, and he aſſured me that if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles farther, I might depend

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pend upon overtaking them; for he had ſeen them dance there the night before, and the whole aſſembly ſeemed charmed with my daughter's performance. Early the next day I walked forward to the races, and about four in the afternoon I came upon the courſe. The company made a very brilliant appearance, all earneſtly employed in one purſuit, that of pleaſure; how different from mine, that of reclaiming a loſt child to virtue! I thought I perceived Mr. Burchell at ſome diſtance from me; but, as if he dreaded an interview, upon my approaching him, he mixed among a crowd, and I ſaw him no more. I now reflected that it would be to no purpoſe to continue my purſuit farther, and reſolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my aſſiſtance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever, the ſymptoms of which I perceived before I came off the courſe. This was another unexpected ſtroke, as I was more than ſeventy miles diſtant from home: however, I retired

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tired to a little ale-houſe by the road-ſide, and in this place, the uſual retreat of indigence and frugality, I laid me down patiently to wait the iſſue of my diſorder. I languiſhed here for near three weeks; but at laſt my conſtitution prevailed, though I was unprovided with money to defray the expences of my entertainment. It is poſſible the anxiety from this laſt circumſtance alone might have brought on a relapſe, had I not been ſupplied by a traveller, who ſtopt to take a curſory refreſhment. This perſon was no other than the philanthropic bookſeller in St. Paul's church-yard, who has written ſo many little books for children: he called himſelf their friend; but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no ſooner alighted, but he was in haſte to be gone; for he was ever on buſineſs of the utmoſt importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the hiſtory of one Mr. Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red pimpled face; for he had publiſhed for me againſt the Deuterogamiſts of the

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the age, and from him I borrowed a few pieces, to be paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I reſolved to return home by eaſy journies of ten miles a day. My health and uſual tranquillity were almoſt reſtored, and I now condemned that pride which had made me refractory to the hand of correction. Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear till he tries them; as in aſcending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every ſtep we riſe ſhews us ſome new proſpect of hidden diſappointment; ſo in our deſcent to the vale of wretchedneſs, which, from the ſummits of pleaſure appears dark and gloomy, the buſy mind, ſtill attentive to its own amuſement, finds ſomething to flatter and ſurpriſe it. Still as we deſcend, the objects appear to brighten, unexpected proſpects amuſe, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy ſituation.

I now proceeded forwards, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived what

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what appeared at a diſtance like the waggon, which I was reſolved to overtake; but when I came up with it, found it to be a ſtrolling company's cart, that was carrying their ſcenes and other theatrical furniture to the next village, where they were to exhibit. The cart was attended only by the perſon who drove it, and one of the company, as the reſt of the players were to follow the enſuing day. Good company upon the road, ſays the proverb, is always the ſhorteſt cut, I therefore entered into converſation with the poor player; and as I once had ſome theatrical powers myſelf, I diſſerted on ſuch topics with my uſual freedom: but as I was pretty much unacquainted with the preſent ſtate of the ſtage, I demanded who were the preſent theatrical writers in vogue, who the Drydens and Otways of the day.——— "I fancy, Sir," cried the player, "few of "our modern dramatiſts would think them- "ſelves much honoured by being com- "pared to the writers you mention. Dry- "den and Row's manner, Sir, are quite "out of faſhion; our taſte has gone back a "whole

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" whole century, Fletcher, Ben Johnſon,
" and all the plays of Shakeſpear, are the
" only things that go down."——" How,"
cried I, " is it poſſible the preſent age can
" be pleaſed with that antiquated dialect,
" that obſolete humour, thoſe over-charged
" characters, which abound in the works
" you mention?" —— " Sir," returned
my companion, " the public think no-
" thing about dialect, or humour, or cha-
" racter; for that is none of their buſi-
" neſs, they only go to be amuſed, and
" find themſelves happy when they can en-
" joy a pantomime, under the ſanction of
" Johnſon's or Shakeſpear's name."—" So
" then, I ſuppoſe" cried I, " that our mo-
" dern dramatiſts are rather imitators of
" Shakeſpear than of nature."—— " To
ſay the truth," returned my companion,
" I don't know that they imitate any
" thing at all; nor indeed does the
" public require it of them: it is not the
" compoſition of the piece, but the num-
" ber of ſtarts and attitudes that may be
" introduced into it that elicits applauſe. I

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" have known a piece, with not one jeſt in
" the whole, ſhrugged into popularity, and
" another ſaved by the poet's throwing in
" a fit of the gripes. No, Sir, the works
" of Congreve and Farquhar have too
" much wit in them for the preſent taſte;
" our modern dialogue is much more na-
" tural."

By this time the equipage of the ſtrolling company was arrived at the village, which, it ſeems, had been appriſed of our approach, and was come out to gaze at us; for my companion obſerved, that ſtrollers always have more ſpectators without doors than within. I did not conſider the impropriety of my being in ſuch company till I ſaw a mob gathered about me. I therefore took ſhelter, as faſt as poſſible, in the firſt ale-houſe that offered, and being ſhewn into the common room, was accoſted by a very well-dreſt gentleman, who demanded whether I was the real chaplain of the company, or whether it was only to be my maſquerade character in the play. Upon informing him of

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of the truth, and that I did not belong to the company, he was condeſcending enough to deſire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he diſcuſſed modern politics with great earneſtneſs and ſeeming intereſt. I ſet him down in my own mind for nothing leſs than a parliament-man at leaſt; but was almoſt confirmed in my conjectures, when upon my aſking what there was in the houſe for ſupper, he inſiſted that the player and I ſhould ſup with him at his houſe, with which requeſt, after ſome entreaties, I was prevailed on to comply.

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CHAP. XIX.

The deſcription of a perſon diſcontented with the preſent government, and apprehenſive of the loſs of our liberties.

THE houſe where we were to be entertained, lying at a ſmall diſtance from the village, our inviter obſerved, that as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot, and we ſoon arrived at one of the moſt magnificent manſions I had ſeen in the country. The apartment into which we were ſhewn was perfectly elegant and modern; he went to give orders for ſupper, while the player, with a wink, obſerved that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer ſoon returned, an elegant ſupper was brought in, two or three ladies, in an

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eaſy deſhabille, were introduced, and the converſation began with ſome ſprightlineſs. Politics, however, was the ſubject on which our entertainer chiefly expatiated; for he aſſerted that liberty was at once his boaſt and his terror. After the cloth was removed, he aſked me if I had ſeen the laſt Monitor, to which replying in the negative, "What, nor the Auditor, I ſuppoſe?" cried he. "Neither, Sir," returned I. "That's ſtrange, very ſtrange," replied my entertainer. "Now, I read all the politics "that come out. The Daily, the Public, "the Ledger, the Chronicle, the London "Evening, the Whitehall Evening, the "ſeventeen magazines, and the two re-"views; and though they hate each other, "I love them all. Liberty, Sir, liberty "is the Briton's boaſt, and by all my "coal mines in Cornwall, I reverence "its guardians." "Then it is to be "hoped," cried I, "you reverence the "king." "Yes," returned my entertainer, "when he does what we would have him; "but if he goes on as he has done of late,

"I'll

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" I'll never trouble myſelf more with his " matters. I ſay nothing. I think only. " I could have directed ſome things " better. I don't think there has been " a ſufficient number of adviſers: he " ſhould adviſe with every perſon willing to " give him advice, and then we ſhould " have things done in another manner.

" I wiſh," cried I, " that ſuch intrud- " ing adviſers were fixed in the pillory. " It ſhould be the duty of honeſt men " to aſſiſt the weaker ſide of our con- " ſtitution, that ſacred power that has for " ſome years been every day declining, and " loſing its due ſhare of influence in the " ſtate. But theſe ignorants ſtill continue " the cry of liberty, and if they have any " weight baſely throw it into the ſubſiding " ſcale."

" How," cried one of the ladies, " do " I live to ſee one ſo baſe, ſo ſordid, as to " be an enemy to liberty, and a defender " of tyrants? Liberty, that ſacred gift of

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" heaven, that glorious privilege of Bri-
" tons!"

" Can it be poſſible," cried our enter-
tainer, " that there ſhould be any found at
" preſent advocates for ſlavery? Any who
" are for meanly giving up the privileges
" of Britons? Can any, Sir, be ſo ab-
" ject?"

" No, Sir," replied I, " I am for liberty,
" that attribute of Gods! Glorious liberty!
" that theme of modern declamation. I
" would have all men kings. I would be
" a king myſelf. We have all naturally
" an equal right to the throne: we are all
" originally equal. This is my opinion,
" and was once the opinion of a ſet of
" honeſt men who were called Levellers.
" They tried to erect themſelves into a com-
" munity, where all ſhould be equally free.
" But, alas! it would never anſwer; for there
" were ſome among them ſtronger, and
" ſome more cunning than others, and
" theſe became maſters of the reſt; for as
" ſure

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" ſure as your groom rides your horſes, be-
" cauſe he is a cunninger animal than they,
" ſo ſurely will the animal that is cunninger
" or ſtronger than he, ſit upon his ſhoul-
" ders in turn. Since then it is entailed
" upon humanity to ſubmit, and ſome are
" born to command, and others to obey,
" the queſtion is, as there muſt be ty-
" rants, whether it is better to have them
" in the ſame houſe with us, or in the
" ſame village, or ſtill farther off, in the
" metropolis. Now, Sir, for my own part, as
" I naturally hate the face of a tyrant, the
" farther off he is removed from me, the
" better pleaſed am I. The generality of
" mankind alſo are of my way of thinking,
" and have unanimouſly created one king,
" whoſe election at once diminiſhes the
" number of tyrants, and puts tyranny at
" the greateſt diſtance from the greateſt
" number of people. Now thoſe who
" were tyrants themſelves before the elec-
" tion of one tyrant, are naturally averſe to
" a power raiſed over them, and whoſe

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" weight muſt ever lean heavieſt on the ſu-
" bordinate orders. It is the intereſt of the
" great, therefore, to diminiſh kingly power
" as much as poſſible; becauſe whatever they
" take from it is naturally reſtored to them-
" ſelves; and all they have to do in a ſtate,
" is to undermine the ſingle tyrant, by which
" they reſume their primæval authority.
" Now, a ſtate may be ſo conſtitutionally cir-
" cumſtanced, its laws may be ſo diſpoſed,
" and its men of opulence ſo minded, as
" all to conſpire to carry on this buſineſs of
" undermining monarchy. If the circum-
" ſtances of the ſtate be ſuch, for inſtance,
" as to favour the accumulation of wealth,
" and make the opulent ſtill more rich, this
" will encreaſe their ſtrength and their am-
" bition. But an accumulation of wealth
" muſt neceſſarily be the conſequence in a
" ſtate when more riches flow in from ex-
" ternal commerce, than ariſe from inter-
" nal induſtry: for external commerce can
" only be managed to advantage by the
" rich, and they have alſo at the ſame
" time

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" time all the emoluments ariſing from in-
" ternal induſtry: ſo that the rich, in ſuch
" a ſtate, have two ſources of wealth, where-
" as the poor have but one. Thus wealth
" in all commercial ſtates is found to accu-
" mulate, and ſuch have hitherto in time
" become ariſtocratical. Beſides this, the
" very laws of a country may contribute
" to the accumulation of wealth; as when
" thoſe natural ties that bind the rich and
" poor together are broken, and it is or-
" dained that the rich ſhall only marry a-
" mong each other; or when the learned
" are held unqualified to ſerve their coun-
" try as counſellors merely from a defect of
" opulence, and wealth is thus made the
" object of a wiſe man's ambition; by
" theſe means I ſay, and ſuch means as
" theſe, riches will accumulate. The poſ-
" ſeſſor of accumulated wealth, when fur-
" niſhed with the neceſſaries and pleaſures
" of life, can employ the ſuperfluity of for-
" tune only in purchaſing power. That
" is, differently ſpeaking, in making de-
" pendants,

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" pendants, in purchaſing the liberty of the
" needy or the venal, of men who are willing
" to bear the mortification of contiguous ty-
" ranny for bread. Thus each very opulent
" man generally gathers round him a circle
" of the pooreſt of the people; and the po-
" lity abounding in accumulated wealth,
" may be compared to a Carteſian ſyſtem,
" each orb with a vortex of its own.
" Thoſe, however, who are willing to
" move in a great man's vortex, are only
" ſuch as muſt be ſlaves, the rabble of
" mankind, whoſe ſouls and whoſe education
" are adapted to ſervitude, and who know
" nothing of liberty except the name. But
" there muſt ſtill be a large number of the
" people without the ſphere of the opulent
" man's influence, namely, that order of
" men which ſubſiſts between the very rich
" and the very rabble; thoſe men who are poſ-
" ſeſt of too large fortunes to ſubmit to the
" neighbouring man in power, and yet are
" too poor to ſet up for tyranny themſelves.
" In this middle order of mankind are ge-
" nerally

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" nerally to be found all the arts, wiſdom,
" and virtues of ſociety. This order alone
" is known to be the true preſerver of
" freedom, and may be called the People.
" Now it may happen that this middle or-
" der of mankind may loſe all its influence
" in a ſtate, and its voice be in a manner
" drowned in that of the rabble: for if
" the fortune ſufficient for qualifying a per-
" ſon at preſent to give his voice in ſtate
" affairs, be ten times leſs than was judged
" ſufficient upon forming the conſtitution,
" it is evident that greater numbers of the
" rabble will thus be introduced into the
" political ſyſtem, and they ever moving in
" the vortex of the great, will follow where
" greatneſs ſhall direct. In ſuch a ſtate,
" therefore, all that the middle order has
" left, is to preſerve the prerogative and
" privileges of the one principal tyrant
" with the moſt ſacred circumſpection. For
" he divides the power of the rich, and calls
" off the great from falling with tenfold
" weight on the midle order placed beneath
" them. The middle order may be com-
" pared

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" pared to a town of which the opulent are
" forming the ſiege, and which the tyrant
" is haſtening to relieve. While the be-
" ſiegers are in dread of the external ene-
" my, it is but natural to offer the townſ-
" men the moſt ſpecious terms; to flatter
" them with ſounds, and amuſe them with
" privileges: but if they once defeat the
" tyrant, the walls of the town will be but
" a ſmall defence to its inhabitants. What
" they may then expect, may be ſeen by
" turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or
" Venice, where the laws govern the poor,
" and the rich govern the law. I am then
" for, and would die for, monarchy, ſa-
" cred monarchy; for if there be any thing
" ſacred amongſt men, it muſt be the
" anointed ſovereign of his people, and
" every diminution of his power in war, or
" in peace, is an infringemet upon the real
" liberties of the ſubject. The ſounds of
" liberty, patriotiſm, and Britons, have al-
" ready done *much*, it is to be hoped that
" the true ſons of freedom will prevent
" their ever doing more. I have known

" many

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" many of thoſe bold champions for liber-
" ty in my time, yet do I not remember
" one that was not in his heart and in his
" family a tyrant."

My warmth I found had lengthened this harangue beyond the rules of good breeding: but the impatience of my entertainer, who often ſtrove to interrupt it, could be reſtrained no longer. " What," cried he, " then I have been all this while " entertaining a Jeſuit in parſon's cloaths; " but by all the coal mines of Cornwall, " out he ſhall pack, if my name be Wil- " kinſon." I now found I had gone too far, and aſked pardon for the warmth with which I had ſpoken. " Pardon," returned he in a fury: " I think ſuch principles de- " mand ten thouſand pardons. What, give " up liberty, property, and, as the Ga- " zetteer ſays, lie down to be ſaddled with " wooden ſhoes! Sir, I inſiſt upon your " marching out of this houſe immediately, " to prevent worſe conſequences, Sir, I in- " ſiſt upon it." I was going to repeat my remon-

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remonſtrances; but juſt then we heard a footman's rap at the door, and the two ladies cried out, "As ſure as death there is "our maſter and miſtreſs come home." It ſeems my entertainer was all this while only the butler, who, in his maſter's abſence, had a mind to cut a figure, and be for a while the gentleman himſelf; and, to ſay the truth, he talked politics as well as moſt country gentlemen do. But nothing could now exceed my confuſion upon ſeeing the gentleman, with his lady, enter, nor was their ſurprize, at finding ſuch company and good cheer, leſs than ours. "Gentlemen," cried the real maſter of the houſe, to me and my companion, "I am your moſt hum-"ble ſervant; but I proteſt this is ſo unex-"pected a favour, that I almoſt ſink under "the obligation." However unexpected our company might be to him, his, I am ſure, was ſtill more ſo to us, and I was ſtruck dumb with the apprehenſions of my own abſurdity, when whom ſhould I next ſee enter the room but my dear miſs Arabella

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bella Wilmot, who was formerly deſigned to be married to my ſon George; but whoſe match was broken off, as already related. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, ſhe flew to my arms with the utmoſt joy. "My dear ſir," cried ſhe, "to what happy accident is it that we "owe ſo unexpected a viſit? I am ſure my "uncle and aunt will be in raptures when "they find they have the good Dr. Prim-"roſe for their gueſt." Upon hearing my name, the old gentleman and lady very politely ſtept up, and welcomed me with moſt cordial hoſpitality. Nor could they forbear ſmiling upon being informed of the nature of my preſent viſit: but the unfortunate butler, whom they at firſt ſeemed diſpoſed to turn away, was, at my interceſſion, forgiven.

Mr. Arnold and his lady, to whom the houſe belonged now, inſiſted upon having the pleaſure of my ſtay for ſome days, and as their niece, my charming pupil, whoſe mind, in ſome meaſure, had been formed under

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under my own inſtructions, joined in their entreaties, I complied. That night I was ſhewn to a magnificent chamber, and the next morning early Miſs Wilmot deſired to walk with me in the garden, which was decorated in the modern manner. After ſome time ſpent in pointing out the beauties of the place, ſhe enquired with ſeeming unconcern, when laſt I had heard from my ſon George. "Alas! "Madam," cried I, "he has now been "near three years abſent, without ever "writing to his friends or me. Where he "is I know not; perhaps I ſhall never ſee "him or happineſs more. No, my dear "Madam, we ſhall never more ſee ſuch "pleaſing hours as were once ſpent by our "fire-ſide at Wakefield. My little family "are now diſperſing very faſt, and poverty "has brought not only want, but infamy "upon us." The good-natured girl let fall a tear at this account; but as I ſaw her poſſeſſed of too much ſenſibility, I forbore a more minute detail of our ſufferings. It was,

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was, however, ſome conſolation to me to find that time had made no alteration in her affections, and that ſhe had rejected ſeveral matches that had been made her ſince our leaving her part of the country. She led me round all the extenſive improvements of the place, pointing to the ſeveral walks and arbours, and at the ſame time catching from every object a hint for ſome new queſtion relative to my ſon. In this manner we ſpent the forenoon, till the bell ſummoned us in to dinner, where we found the manager of the ſtrolling company, who was come to diſpoſe of tickets for the Fair Penitent, which was to be acted that evening, the part of Horatio by a young gentleman who had never appeared on any ſtage before. He ſeemed to be very warm in the praiſes of the new performer, and averred, that he never ſaw any who bid ſo fair for excellence. Acting, he obſerved, was not learned in a day; "But "this gentleman," continued he, "ſeems "born to tread the ſtage. His voice, his "figure,

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" figure, and attitudes, are all admirable. " We caught him up accidentally in our jour- " ney down." This account, in ſome meaſure, excited our curioſity, and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany them to the play-houſe, which was no other than a barn. As the company with which I went was inconteſtably the chief of the place, we were received with the greateſt reſpect, and placed in the front ſeat of the theatre; where we ſate for ſome time with no ſmall impatience to ſee Horatio make his appearance. The new performer advanced at laſt, and I found it was my unfortunate ſon. He was going to begin, when, turning his eyes upon the audience, he perceived us, and ſtood at once ſpeechleſs and immoveable. The actors behind the ſcene, who aſcribed this pauſe to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him; but inſtead of going on, he burſt into a flood of tears, and retired off the ſtage. I don't know what were the ſenſations I felt; for they ſucceeded with too

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too much rapidity for deſcription: but I was ſoon awaked from this diſagreeable reverie by Miſs Wilmot, who, pale and with a trembling voice, deſired me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr. Arnold, who was as yet a ſtranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed that the new performer was my ſon, ſent his coach, and an invitation, for him; and as he perſiſted in his refuſal to appear again upon the ſtage, the players put another in his place, and we ſoon had him with us. Mr. Arnold gave him the kindeſt reception, and I received him with my uſual tranſport; for I could never counterfeit falſe reſentment. Miſs Wilmot's reception was mixed with ſeeming neglect, and yet I could perceive ſhe acted a ſtudied part. The tumult in her mind ſeemed not yet abated; ſhe ſaid twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals ſhe would take a ſly peep at the glaſs, as

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if happy in the conſciouſneſs of unreſiſting beauty, and often would aſk queſtions, without giving any manner of attention to the anſwers.

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